

July, 1911.

Price 6d.

The QUIVER



Healthy AND Happy



THANKS TO

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



Mellin's

Between a *fat* baby and a *fit* baby there is often a world of difference; *fitness* should be the aim.

There is that sturdiness — virility — happy-go-lucky liveliness about the Mellin-fed child which betoken perfect health, and which augur brightly for its future.

*Sample and Valuable
Book free on receipt
of 2d. for postage.*

(Mention this Paper.
Mellin's Food Ltd.
Peckham, S.E.)

Food

THE LONDON

City Missionary is a Friend in the Homes of the People, where he daily expounds the Word of God to all and sundry who are outside the Churches of this great

CITY

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION of this kind is one of the best and most fruitful means of reaching the hearts of the people, and for 76 years has been the distinctive feature of the

MISSION.

**400 Missionaries
now employed.**

**FUNDS MUCH
NEEDED.**

Treasurer—
F. A. BEVAN, Esq.
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BARCLAY & CO., LTD.

Office: 3, BRIDEWELL PLACE, LONDON, E.C.



"THE HOME IN THE HOME."



ADVANCE NOTICE.

July Sale.

This is an example of one of the superb Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets which will be offered during the Sale at the greatly reduced price of

6/11

Bargain No. 1.

They cannot be had at this price before July 3, but if you forward remittance and size required, your bargain will be reserved for you (unless oversold) and posted upon the opening day of the Sale. Address:—

**PETER
ROBINSON'S**
Oxford St.,
LONDON, W.

THE QUIVER



Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.
—"The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A.H. Walker
—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

ASTONISH & HELP

STROOPAL

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE WORLD.
The actual testimony from those cured by Stroop's Powders proves that they cure **Cancer** ailments, Internal and External Growths and Swellings, **Gallstones**, Lupus, and **Piles**. A Booklet dealing with this matter and published by A. Stroop will be sent free to all.

Address—**STROOPAL, 20, Windsor Lodge, Hartfield Road, Wimbledon.**

An Ideal Outdoor Occupation for Ladies

GOAT FARMING
(£10 a Year net profit from each "Nanny" like this!)

IT REQUIRES

but a few pounds' capital—once purchased, the goats find their own living.

THE PROFITS are immediate and large—expenses small and **scope immense.**

Write for my hand-somely illustrated Goat Book, enclosing 6 stamps for postage, etc. Inspection invited. Postal Tuition or Practical Tuition. Moderate Terms.



RUGS GIVEN AWAY

NEW DESIGNS

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm



Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, 1/7/1911. On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of **5/6** our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guineas

(Regd.)

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Forty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and **LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM.** These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser's Middle Profit. **OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS.** Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!
With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for **10/6.**

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains &c., Post Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER, 1/7/1911, when writing.

F. HODGSON & SONS
(Dept. Q.)
Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants,
Woodley Road, LEEDS.



Natural Fruit Jellies.

How cool and refreshing they taste on a hot, summer's day. And they are so easily and quickly made with Corn Flour and the juice of stewed fresh fruit. Here is the recipe :—

2½ oz. (4½ tablespoonfuls filled level with the top of the spoon) Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour.
1½ pints (2½ large or 3 small breakfast-cupfuls) any kind of fruit juice (see below).

Mix the Corn Flour to a smooth cream with a little of the juice. Bring the rest of the juice to the boil. Remove the saucepan from the fire. Pour the mixed Corn Flour slowly into it, stirring vigorously. Bring to the boil again and boil well for three minutes. Pour into a mould and cool. When cold, turn out and serve with switched cream. The juice of half a lemon may be added to help the flavour.

FRUIT JUICE RECIPE.

For Gooseberry, Currant, Raspberry, Blaeberry, Blackberry or Bramble, and Crab-apple Jellies.
1 lb. Fruit.
½ to ¾ lb. of Sugar, according to the ripeness of the fruit.

Boil the fruit with the sugar and sufficient water to cover the fruit till quite soft, and strain. Make up to 1½ pints with water, if necessary.

Currants and Raspberries combined make a very pleasantly flavoured jelly.



Brown and Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

The above recipe is one of 24 in the book of "Summer Dishes" issued by Brown & Polson, 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. Please cut out and fill in the Coupon attached and a copy will be sent you gratis and post free.

Coupon
for
"Summer Dishes"
Recipe Booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Q. To: To Brown & Polson, 6, Bouverie St., London, E.C.

ARE YOU POISONING YOUR HAIR?

World-Famous Hair Specialist Explains the Startling Causes of Premature Greyness and Hair-Decay.

Great Opportunity for Readers to Obtain, Free of Charge, a Wonderful Triple Toilet Outfit, which Stops the Hair Splitting at the Ends and Falling Out, and Stimulates a Rapid Growth of Luxuriant, Glossy and Beautifully Lustrous Hair.

THERE are thousands of people in this country who are rapidly poisoning their hair.

"The people to whom I refer," says Mr. Edwards, "are mostly ladies, and, of course, they are not poisoning their hair deliberately. But all the same, they are poisoning it, and unless they take steps to use the antidote I have provided in 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' their action invariably results in Hair-Loss-of-Beauty and Premature Hair Decay."

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF METAL HAIR-PINS AND HAT-PINS AND CURLERS IN THE HAIR

How is this?

The reason is a simple one.



Thousands of ladies are daily poisoning their hair by the use of metal combs, hair-pins, curlers, etc., and Mr. Edwards, the renowned hair specialist and inventor of the now famous "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of scientific hair-culture, issues a grave word of warning to all who are risking their hair in the manner described. As a means of counteracting the evil effects of the various metal contrivances used in the process of hair-dressing, he offers a free trial outfit, sufficient for carrying out a week's course of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Women at the present time have a habit of simply loading their hair with hair-pins, hat-pins, curlers, and other metal implements.

Now, the constant contact of metal is very bad for the hair, just as it is bad for a plant. Bind round a plant with wire, and you will probably poison it. That is why gardeners usually use bass or some such vegetable fibre for tying up their plants. And metal hair-pins have a similarly prejudicial effect upon the hair. In fact, they poison it—and this poison, if not eradicated by proper methods of daily Hair-Culture (such as you can now practise free of cost), robs the hair of its lustre, colour, and elasticity, renders it brittle and dull-looking, and finally causes it to turn prematurely grey or even to fall out altogether.

A SIMPLE TEST EVERY LADY CAN MAKE

Let down your hair. Then gather some of your tresses in your hand and look at the ends.

Have you done this? Very well. Then examine the ends of your hair very closely. What do you see? Upon your answer to this question depends the proof as to whether your hair is being poisoned or not. Are any of your hairs split and forked at the ends? Yes! a good many of them. Dozens of them. Perhaps scores of them. Then your hair is being slowly poisoned.

What is this remedy?

Why, daily scientific Hair-Culture practised for two or three minutes every night or morning. This will soon do wonders with your hair. It will check all symptoms of hair-decay, and will cause your hair to grow as luxuriantly and beautifully as though it had never been poisoned at all.

ACCEPT THIS GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO-DAY

On sending the coupon below (with 3d. in stamps to pay the postage) to the Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., you will receive by return of post a wonderful Triple Toilet Outfit, including—

1. A seven days' supply of that marvelous Tonic-Dressing for the Hair, Edwards' Harlene.
2. A packet of Edwards' Cremex Shampoo Powder for dissolving Scurf deposits.
3. Full secret directions.

Follow the remarkably successful method of Harlene Hair-Drill (it only takes you two or three minutes every day), and as a result all the poison in your hair will be eradicated.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from all chemists and druggists in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or direct and post free, by sending P.O. for the amount, from The Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. Cremex Shampoo Powders are obtainable in the same way in 1s. boxes of seven powders. Single powders, 2d. each.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

Entitling you to a Seven Days' Triple Toilet Outfit—Free.

TO EDWARDS' HARLENE COMPANY,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, free of charge, a complete Triple Toilet Outfit for growing luxuriant and attractive hair, including a trial bottle of Harlene, one packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder, and complete instructions for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."

I enclose 3d. to cover the postage to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

"Quiver," July, 1911.

"Tiled or marbled bathrooms are exceptions in the average home, while varnished paper discolours, fades, peels off, and quickly becomes unsightly."

Hall's Distemper

(Registered Trade Mark)

possesses conspicuous advantages for bathroom decoration. It sets hard as cement, and is impervious to steam.

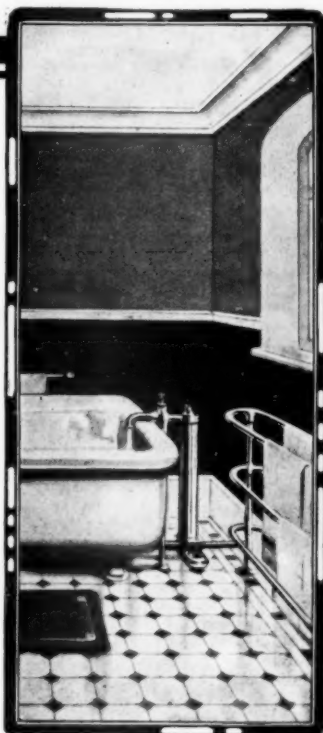
For Hall's Distemper bathrooms the lower part should be varnished as illustrated, with **Sissons' Special Varnish No.1215**. This forms a waterproof washable dado, which is unaffected by splashing. This varnishing makes the distemper darker, giving the most harmonious of all combinations,—two shades of the same colour.

A light shade of Hall's Distemper should be chosen, and the dado rail and other woodwork enamelled with "Sisco" White Japan.

Give this illustration and specification to your decorator.

Sample shade card and full particulars post free from

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.
London Office : ——— 199^B, Borough High Street, S.E.



HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

For 25 Years has represented the highest standard of economy. The leading Doctors say so.

THE QUIVER

Tatcho the Hair-Grower Genuine & True

Further public announcement concerning the new style sensible and rational hair brush, known as the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the universal adoption of which would make loss of hair a thing of an evil past. It is presented free to introduce Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful hair-grower—TATCHO. Will you accept one?

THE whole of the pages of this issue of *The Quiver*, both literary and those set aside for the business side of journalism, would not suffice to contain all the gratifying appreciations which those who preside over the destinies of Tatcho, the hair-grower, have received from grateful recipients of Tatcho and the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Every post has brought sheaves of letters from people of all classes, many eminent men and women whose names are household words. Their assurances simply amount to this—that with such a powerful combination as Tatcho and the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, loss of hair need not now disturb the placidity of even the most nervous.

All the world knows the wonders Tatcho worked for Mr. Geo. R. Sims' hair and the marvellous effects it produced upon the heads of the thousands to whom he originally distributed it free, before he launched it, with the assistance of some well-known Fleet Street magnates, on a commercial basis.

Now you want to know something about Tatcho's ally—the wonderful Tatcho Hair-Health Brush—wherein it supersedes all other brushes.

Just examine your own hair brush, if an old style one, and a moment's reflection will dissipate any surprise that your hair is not in a healthy condition.

It is clear that the old style hair brush, by reason of the close setting of the tufts of bristles, is germ laden; dandruff and other micro-organisms become embedded in and cling to the tufts, where they germinate and cannot be dislodged. These infectious impurities are gathered from the hair and retained, for a time in the bristle tufts, only to be returned again to the hair and scalp to work further mischief every time the brush is used. It is utterly impossible to destroy these injurious bacteria without destroying the brush itself. Infection surely never found a more fitting hiding-place than in the old style hair brush.

What a contrast to this old style brush is the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the universal adoption of which would make loss of hair a thing of an evil past. Imagine for a moment a hair brush in which the bristles are separately set in a yielding pneumatic air pad. Stretch the imagination a little further, and see with your mind's eye how bristles so deftly set and so singularly positioned must penetrate through the thickest hair, and so sweep the scalp

and hair clean from all scurf and dandruff, dirt and dust.

There you have the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. You simply draw the thumb across the vibrating bristled air cushion and all impurities immediately jump off, leaving the brush as clean as a brand-new brush, every time you use it.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush will be presented absolutely free of charge to users of Tatcho, the genuine, good, true hair-grower, the Company's

FREE

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True
Hair-Grower.



Every possible comparison to which you can submit the wonderful Hair-Grower Tatcho, discovered, made, and originally advertised and gratuitously distributed by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, only emphasizes its vast superiority as a true Hair-Grower, a Hair-Brusher, a Hair Beautifier.

Nothing in the world equals Tatcho. It has convinced over a million people that an occasional sprinkle with Tatcho is a habit every well-groomed man, and every woman who values a fine head of hair—and who does not intend to acquire The Tatcho way is the only way.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

object in making this unique offer being two-fold—firstly, to demonstrate what Tatcho can and will do in promoting a luxuriant head of hair, after the scalp has been brushed free of all microbic debris, so that Tatcho can, unhampered, reach the source of the trouble; and secondly, that the Company's gift of a valuable brush in constant use will act as a lasting advertisement for the hair-grower.

If you desire to avail yourself of this unique offer, send your application, enclosing the form below, to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, accompanied by a remittance of 2/9 (plus 4d. for postage), for your supply of the hair-grower, Tatcho, as contained in the 2/9 size. By returning mail you will receive the two greatest aids to hair-health known to Science—Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful Tatcho, the Genuine, Good, True Hair-Grower, and its ally the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

If you prefer to test the unique merits of Tatcho before purchasing a 2/9 bottle, ask your chemist to supply you with a 1/- bottle only. This will provide you with convincing testimony of the value of Tatcho. Preserve the carton entire in which the 1/- bottle is contained, and when you have four of these cartons mail them to the Tatcho Laboratories. By return you will receive one of these Hair-Health Brushes, post free.

FREE BRUSH FORM.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGES, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the July issue of *THE QUIVER*.

Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

ESTD
1813

CRAWFORD'S

"STANDARD"

(Wholemeal)

BISCUITS

CRAWFORD'S "Standard" Biscuits
have been specially introduced
to meet the demand which has arisen
for biscuits containing all the nutri-
tive properties, including the germ
and semolina, of the whole wheat.
These biscuits are made without the
addition of any white flour whatever

May be obtained from
all Grocers and Bakers

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Limited,
EDINBURGH - LIVERPOOL - LONDON

THE QUIVER

The Doom of the Pill.

If I were really very ill,
And asked to take the nicest pill,
I fear I'd have to sadly frown,
And say "I could not get it down."

—♦♦♦—

"I'll tell you, old chap, the finest
thing for keeping fit. Take

CARNA SALTS TABLETS

in your Tea—we all take
'em at home—self, wife,
kiddies, and all."

—♦♦♦—

CARNA SALTS TABLETS
can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee,
cocoa, or hot water, and being taste-
less, will not spoil the flavour. They
purify the system, but do not strain
the organs. They are especially good
in cases of indigestion, constipation,
liver and kidney troubles, and giddiness.

In Boxes, 1/-

Of all
Chemists.

Or post free of—

CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
110, Strand, London, W.C.

Get
a Box
To-Day.



The Black-rubber 'Wood-Milnes' are a triumph of durability. (Made also in Brown or Grey Rubber.) They're easy to fix, but the Bootmaker can do it best.

Know 'Wood-Milnes' by the stamped name.

Miss Business Girl, do you ever think
what use these **WOOD-MILNE**
Rubber Heels would be to *you*?

Saving your nerves, because so soft and 'carpety';
saving your temper, because preventing that jaded
feeling caused by your little wooden heels tip-
tapping on hard, stone pavements; saving your
money, because saving your
boots—a pair of 'Wood-
Milnes' outlast three
ordinary leather soles.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels



Let This Man Read Your Life

WHAT OTHERS SAY WHO HAVE CONSULTED HIM.



Mr. Fred Walton writes: "The Life Reading just received. I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one

has his own Reading. **To consult you means success and happiness."**



Miss Loretta Harvey writes: "I am pleased to express my entire satisfaction with the Life Reading. **You have saved me many mistakes, and I am sorry I did not know of**

you long ago. To me your power is unexplainable, but nevertheless very beneficial. The matter upon which you gave me special advice has been worked out as you advised."



Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "The Life Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read as **step by step you outlined my life since infancy.** I have been somewhat interested

along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and I am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."



Free Readings to All Who Write at Once.

Do You Want Advice on Business, Marriage, Friends, Enemies, Changes, Occupation, Journeys, Opportunities, and all important affairs?

Arrangements have been made to send readings to all applicants, for a short time, **FREE** of charge. If you wish a descriptive reading of about 500 words, simply send the year, month, and date of your birth, also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Be sure to write your name and address very plainly. Send your letter to **CLAY BURTON VANCE, Dept. 31, No. 14 Rue de Richelieu, PARIS, FRANCE.** *If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, &c.* Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France.

5/-
Jewel Pen

THE 'JEWEL' PEN IS DIFFERENT

to other Fountain Pens in this respect, that whilst it will do the work that is claimed for high-priced pens, and do it well, it costs only 5/-

DON'T FORGET A 'JEWEL' FOR 5/-

Of all Stationers or post free from sole makers:
JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept. 102),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.



2/- INSURES YOUR COMPLEXION

DR. HARLAN'S BEAUTY-CUP For the FACE, NECK, ARMS and BODY.

"No one who owns this wonderful little Cup need fear wrinkles or blackheads."

The simplicity of this scientific system of self-applied massage, and the speed with which it clears the complexion, are almost beyond belief. A single soothing application produces remarkable results. Blackheads in many cases are banished in 60 seconds. It pumps impurities out of the blood by atmospheric pressure, rounds out the cheeks, arms, and neck, and pumps the waste places of the body with wonderful rapidity. Acts directly on the circulation, and feeds fresh pure blood to the tissues, making the flesh firm and fair, and the skin soft and satiny. Also an hygienic eye-bath making the eyes bright. Cup sent by mail in plain wrapper—with **FREE** Book, "Beauty and Health Secrets," of Pricess Value—to any address for **2/1** P.O. (abroad **2/6** M.O.). *Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.* Order of your dealer, call, or write—**C. J. Harlan, New-Vita Inst.** (Est. 1909), **55-117, Exchange Bldg.,** (Copyright) **Southwark St., London.** (Agents wanted)



Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union AND Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,
Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,
LONDON, W.C.

WHY PAY A GUINEA?

Put the CLEMAK side by side with the safety razor offered at a guinea. You will then see it is the equal of the other razor—and costs you 16/- less. Then why pay a guinea?

... Note how carefully the CLEMAK is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade—feel its keen cutting edge—no other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

The CLEMAK RAZOR, costing 5/6, is silver plated; it includes 7 blades and stropping handle in handsome case.

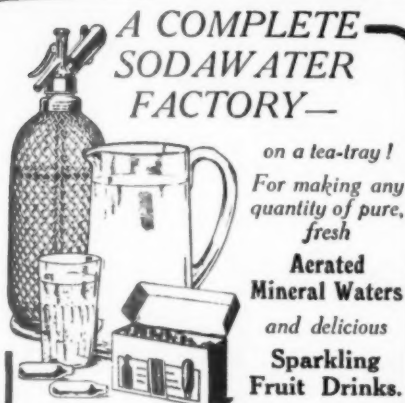
The CLEMAK RAZOR and Stropping Machine costs together but 8/6. Then why pay a guinea?

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c. **CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Billiter Street, London.**

Or post free from the

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-





A COMPLETE SODA WATER FACTORY—

on a tea-tray!
For making any
quantity of pure,
fresh
Aerated
Mineral Waters
and delicious
Sparkling
Fruit Drinks.

A "Prana" Sparklet Syphon and Bulbs.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c., throughout the World.
Illustrated Booklet post free on application,
Special Coronation Offer!

A Trial Outfit (1 Large Syphon, 1 box bulbs, and
accessories) sent carriage paid to any part of the British
Empire or India on receipt of 10/6.

AERATORS Ltd. (Dept. C.A.D.), Edmonton, London, N.



Stout Policeman: "Ah! yes, Antipon.
That's the stuff I must try. Everybody speaks
highly of it."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and
4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.



Electrolysis at Home.

Removal of superfluous hair at home
by Mme. Tensfeldt's perfected process,
exactly as used by her for many years.
Recurrence physiologically impossible;
every hair root completely destroyed.

Mme. Tensfeldt gives lessons by post
enabling every lady to remove super-
fluous hair herself or have it done by a
maid. Perfectly easy; practically
painless; no shock or electrical sensation.

Complete Apparatus lent on Hire
and forwarded in perfectly plain pack-
age. Absolute privacy, and the oppor-
tunity afforded to remove every hair
completely, permanently, and without
haste, make this home electrolysis treat-
ment the one perfect method.

Particulars free in plain envelope. Use
coupon or write.

COUPON.

Mme. P. S. F. Tensfeldt, 71, Princes St., Edinburgh.

Please send me free of charge in plain envelope
particulars and terms for hire of your perfected
apparatus for permanent removal of superfluous
hair by self-treatment.

(Miss) (Mrs).....

(x Please strike out one of these. Write very plainly.

Address).....

A Traveller's and Toilet Luxury.
A Sick Room Necessity.

"SILKY-FIBRE"

PAPER HANDKFS.
The softest make, awarded Gold Medal, bear this seal.

50 for 1/-

250, 431 at Chemists, or
"SILKY-FIBRE" Depot,
3, UNITY STREET, BRISTOL.





**Just slip
the Strop
through
the Razor
and move
to and fro.**

**Nothing but a perfectly-stropped
edge can give you a shave
of velvet smoothness and save
constant expense for new blades.**

You can strop the AutoStrop with your eyes
shut—nothing to adjust—nothing to take apart,
The first outlay gives years of shaving
pleasure. That makes it the cheapest razor, too.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

AutoStrop Standard Set, No. 1, con-
taining—AutoStrop Safety Razor,
heavily silver-plated, one dozen
specially tested blades; one certified
horse-hide strop. Complete
in black leather case .. **21/-**

AutoStrop Tourist Set, No. 6, con-
taining—AutoStrop Safety Razor,
one dozen blades, horse-hide strop,
silver-plated tube containing shav-
ing brush, silver-plated tube con-
taining shaving soap. Com-
plete in leather case .. **27/-**

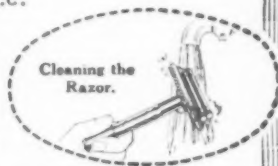
At all high-class dealers. Illustrated description free.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd

61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.



**It takes 12 seconds to
strop, and it's as easy to
clean. Just hold under the
tap—nothing to take apart**



You Want Better Health— I Will Show You How To Secure It.



The tape measure tests the return of the figure to normal proportions.

Wherever you live, in the Country, the Colonies, or Abroad, if you forward me the form below I will send you
My Advice Free by Letter.

If you can call I will give you a
**PERSONAL CONSULTATION
WITHOUT CHARGE.**

I am sure it is not necessary for me to reiterate what is so widely known in con-

Write to me at my Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and I will with pleasure



Noting the daily reduction of superfluous flesh. A most gratifying part of the course.

nection with my treatment of the functional disorders of the human race.

What I desire to say on this occasion is personal to yourself if you are in any way lacking Perfect Fitness or Health, or if you are suffering from any complaint which causes you discomfort or anxiety.

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"The Quiver," July, 1911.



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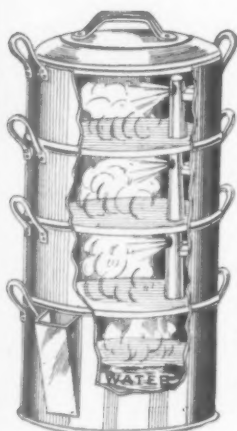
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See page xxix

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The Colonial and Continental Church Society

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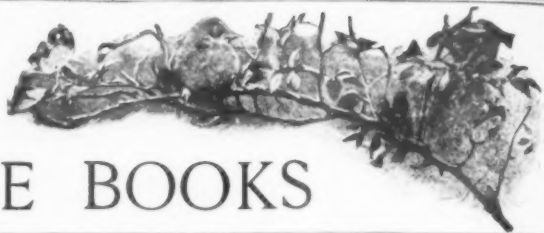
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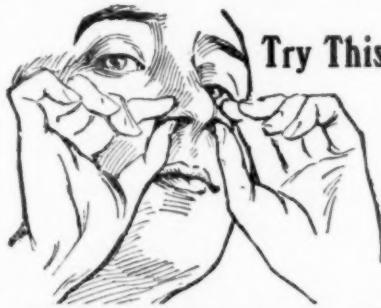
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To make the test, lift the outer walls of the nostrils in the way illustrated. Then inhale and exhale in turn. Note how much easier and fuller is the breathing. Read in the Doctor and Patient's free pamphlet what this means.

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A GRAND FAIR

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APPEAL TO ALL CHILDREN

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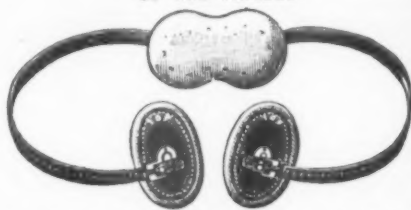
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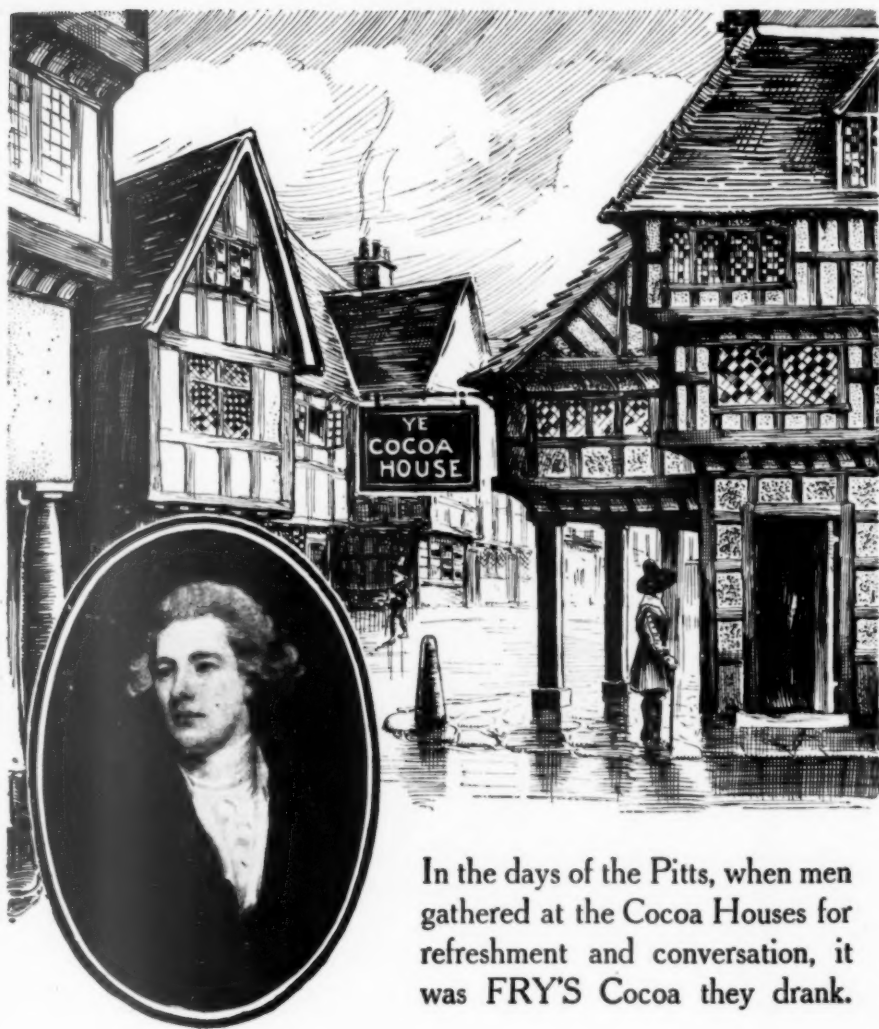
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Result of the Home-Made Toy Competition

By THE EDITOR

AT last the judges in the Home-Made Toy Competition have been able to make their awards: the full list of prize-winners appears on another page. Owing to the early date of going to press, I am only able this month to give the results, but I am giving full particulars of the Competition, together with many photographs of the toys, in my next issue. Once more I should like to congratulate my readers on the magnificent work they have put into this Competition. Everybody who has seen the collection has been amazed at the result; it has given me great joy to examine the toys as they have arrived: it will give the children much greater joy when they receive them. A great deal of labour, patience, and ingenuity have been expended, but they will have their reward in the gladness given to the little ones.

The following are highly commended:—

Miss Hilda M. Coley (milliner's shop), Miss Heslop (character doll), Mrs. Collyer (furniture), James Graham (bead furniture), Amy Kelly (bed), M. F. Hansford (book of the Zoo), Harold Flower (crane), Miss Catherine Howell (cradle), Hubert Tollit (coal cart), Miss Lottie F. Tanner (horse and trap), Wm. D. Douglas (motor car), E. S. Sturdy (clown on pole), Mrs. L. S. Belcher, Miss Adams (work-basket), J. E. Learmonth (train), Alfred L. Cotsell (lift), Mrs. J. A.

Smith (furniture), Annie V. Davis (dog), Douglas B. Carter (acrobat), T. Leslie Smith (working model), C. A. Maud Stanley (poodle dog), Mabel Coggin (doll), Miss A. Venn (doll in cradle), Miss E. M. Brown (bed), Miss E. M. Viner (Mrs. Gamp), Miss Eureka Fraser (cradle), Miss J. T. Mill (black doll), Miss A. L. Lanfear (country well), Miss Holmes (doll in cradle), W. J. Bourne (elephant), Miles H. Hember (fort), Mrs. B. R. Whitmore (doll's house), Ethel Richardson (cradle), Mrs. I. Gordon Field (doll and outfit), Mrs. Blades (Paddy and pig), Mrs. Buckley Williams (house, etc.), John C. Morrison (elephant and cart), Miss Annie Perkins (elephant), Miss Lucy J. Smith (cradle), Miss K. Waller (cradle), Miss Mary I. Wright (doll's house), Miss F. St. Aubyn (confectioner's shop), J. Mothersole (Persian wheel), R. Blower (country market), Miss Jacob (grocer's shop), Mrs. Polkinghorne (study furniture), Miss G. Groves (doll's house), Miss K. Groves (box of games), K. L. Fraser (bungalow, etc.), Miss L. R. Douglas (games, etc.), H. L. Stebbing (donkey cart), Miss Emma Coulthard (Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Bear in garden), Miss M. de D. Faber (elephant), Miss Nona Applebe (rabbit in cradle), Miss E. C. McCloud (rabbit in cradle), Miss Louie Gitton (doll in cradle), Miss M. J. Burrows (doll's house), Miss Higgs (reins), Mrs. C. L. Harris (Coronation fête), Katherine N. Garner (doll's house), Miss M. A. Robb (Jack and Jill), Miss C. E. Jervis (doll's bazaar), Mrs. Elmer (dancing Scotchman), Miss Jennie Chappell (horse), Edith Richardson (bed), Miss Edith Powers (dolls on sofa), Miss A. C. Watts (doll in bed), Miss Angell (elephant), J. Switzer (bed), Mrs. C. Rice (doll), Miss Kitty Comely (market cart), Miss Gladys M. Smith (doll's house), Mrs. C. E. Thomson (doll in cradle), Miss Dean (doll), Miss G. G. Bergemann (model engine), J. W. Bemrose (mail-cart), Jas. Sidey (wheelbarrow).

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Put the strawberries through a sieve, and blend the puree thus obtained with the liquid jelly. Finally, add the cream, previously whipped until stiff. Beat thoroughly, then turn into a wet mould and leave in a very cool place until set. When required for use plunge for a second into hot water, turn out quickly, and decorate with fresh strawberries.

Mention this Magazine.



ONE SUMMER'S DAY.



(Photos: W. & D. Downey and Photochrom.)

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND CARNARVON CASTLE.
See "The Investiture of the Prince of Wales," p. 803.



VOL. XLVI, No. 9
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

JULY, 1911

New Serial Story

The Professor's Predicament

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgregor," etc.

(Illustrated by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

CHAPTER I

THE PROFESSOR

COLONEL FRAMPTON, late of the 123rd, was given to calling the sanctum of his old friend and neighbour, Professor Froward, a study in disorder, which was, undoubtedly, a kindly way of putting it, for persons not military-minded, nor even moderately methodical in their own affairs, had been known to refer to the room as "a perfect pigsty." Of course, professors in stories are notoriously untidy in their ways, careless of appearances, and deplorably absent-minded; indeed, it does not seem altogether illogical to assume that the intensity of those traits varies directly as the intellectual capacity of the owners. Yet though David Froward was a professor in real life, having until comparatively recently held the chair of chemistry in the University of Glasburgh, he possessed all the qualifications necessary to satisfy the most staunch believer in fiction; and the foregoing not altogether illogical assumption would have been quite applicable to his case, for he was one of the most learned men

in the kingdom. Happily, after all, untidiness, carelessness and absent-mindedness are just as compatible with a big heart as with a large head. To be sure, they are not virtues; but, on the other hand, method, personal smartness and general alertness do not invariably make a man's life a blessing either to his fellow-beings or to himself.

The reader is begged, however, to accept these observations merely as an informal introduction to the study of Professor Froward, and not as any attempt at an apology for its condition. There are things in this world that are past apologising for, and the study was one of them. No doubt the elderly woman in cap and apron, who was engaged in collecting from the floor and hearth scraps of paper and cigarette-ends, thought so—in her own words, at any rate.

Nevertheless, the room had its attractions. It was large and handsomely furnished. A wide French window opened upon a spacious garden, now splendid with flowers and morning sunshine. The two walls not occupied by books bore several fine etchings, and on the broad desk and mantel were bowls of fresh blooms, which, with the airs

THE QUIVER

from the garden, sweetened the atmosphere of the apartment.

But everywhere, on tables and chairs, in half-opened cupboards, on the floor in corners, were littered heaps of periodicals and pamphlets, books and letters, second-hand booksellers' catalogues (mostly unopened), also sheaves of jottings and calculations in a big, clumsy hand—all dedicated, so it seemed, to neglect and dust. Two of the etchings were distinctly off the straight.

ances deliberately; and a flower-pot, which had once held geraniums, had a chair to itself and supported a long ivory paper-knife and a box of safety matches. The significance of such things was known only to the Professor; but it is to be feared that he frequently ignored them or noticed them when too late for his purpose.

The elderly woman rose from her task with her dust-pan full. She groaned. She gazed around the room and groaned again.



"What is the meaning of this, Sarah?"

The plaster bust of a famous French chemist of a century ago looked decidedly grimy; on close inspection, the bald head would have been seen to have been used at one time for pencilled calculations. Finally—to cut the list of disorder short—the stranger would probably notice that sundry little articles common to a study and quite ordinary in themselves had been placed in odd, if not absurd, situations. For instance, on the top of a bookcase was a waste-paper basket inverted; in a door on the left of the room, which led to the laboratory, two pens had been stuck close together, to all appear-

Probably she would have groaned a third time had not Jenny, the new housemaid, entered the study.

"Is he away to his bed yet?" Jenny inquired.

"His bed!" cried the elderly woman, who was known as Susan, though she preferred Susannah. "Not him! He's just had his bath an' shavin', and now he's havin' his breakfast in a hurry—a pair o' biled eggs that he ordered Miss Marjorite to bile for him, as if he had been a juke or a scone o' the old nobility. I'm sure I don't know what's comin' to the master. 'Tis the second

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

night he hasn't been in his bed. No wonder he's gettin' quick-tempered at last. I suppose 'tis not easy to keep sweet after two nights wi' nothin' but drugs and explosions."

"'Tis not easy, if ye've got to smell and hear 'em," said Jenny. "Did ye hear an awful crash about three this mornin', Susan—just when I was havin' sich a lovely dream?"

Susan sighed. "If ye had been with Professor Froward as long as I've been, my girl, ye would have no lovely dreams, no, nor hear explosions neither. 'Twould take something to make ye jump! No, no! But 'tis this sort o' thing that breaks my heart. I never cried out at hard work, but I'm supposen to clean this room daily—every day—*without disturbin' anything!*"

"Well, ye don't seem to have disturbed much," said the housemaid with a laugh.

"'Tis easy laughin'. If ye had been in this house as long as——"

"Oh, I'm fed up on this house," the other interrupted. "I'm thinkin' o' givin' a month's warnin'. I was always a great one for regularity. I like a house where the work goes like clockwork."

"Ay," said Susan, "ye're not suited for the house o' a genius."

"Genius! My! I thought nothin' could beat the minister's house I was in last, but this takes the whole bakery. Genius! Is it true he got put out the college for not paying attention to his job there?"

"'Tis a falsehood!" said Susan, indignant. "He handed them in his resignation for to get more time for his secret searches. That's what he did; 'twas in the newspaper."

"Oh!" said Jenny in a tone suggesting anything but conviction. "Well, the house o' a genius is no place for me. Am I to clean the windows now?"

"No; they'll have to stand till the morn. He'll be here any minute now. Ye best get busy up the stair, and—I hope ye'll never be in a worse place."

With a sniff Jenny departed.

Susan groaned. "Oh, I can't endure the sight o' this room. What a muck o' books and papers! If I could just get a chance——"

A girl of about twenty entered—a dark girl, with fine eyes, a straight nose and a sweet mouth. She wore a short navy skirt and a white linen blouse, and carried a pair of gardening scissors.

"Oh, Miss Marjorite," said Susan, in a hoarse, pleading whisper, "d'ye not think I could get tidyin' something afore he comes? Could I not get washin' the bust?"

Marjorite smiled and shook her head. "I'm afraid not, Susan," she said sympathetically. "You know what has always happened when you did a little tidyin' up. We must have patience until the Professor can take a rest from the work that has been keeping him so busy lately. Then, perhaps——"

"But could I not put the pictur's straight and—and give the bust just a lick wi' a——"

"No; we must leave everything as it is. You see, if you started, you wouldn't know where to stop. But cheer up, Susan! Some day we'll have a real, thorough spring cleaning, and you shall scrub the bust till you can't recognise it!"

With a kindly nod the girl passed into the garden.

Marjorite Silver was Professor Froward's adopted niece. Ten years ago her father, a man of science after Froward's own heart, had left her an orphan, wholly unprovided for. She had no near relatives, and, without thinking twice about it, Froward, immediately after the funeral, had taken the child's hand and led her to his home, where, save for an occasional visit to some distant relatives and school friends, she had remained ever since. And now she was the only serious rival the Professor had to his ambition in the realms of science. Long ago there had been another rival, but Froward had forgotten, or imagined he had.

Left to herself, Susan groaned once more and turned her steps in the direction of other duties. But at the door she halted.

"No," she muttered, "I can't leave that pictur squeegee, nor that poor body o' a bust with its eyes full o' dirt."

In stealthy fashion she retraced her steps. With nervous hands and backward glances she set the picture straight and gave it a hurried rub.

"That's better!" she sighed, and turning to the bust, she inadvertently brushed a bundle of papers from a chair.

"Oh, mercy!" she exclaimed, falling on her knees and starting to grab the scattered sheets. "Oh, dearie me! oh, dearie——!"

"What is the meaning of this, Sarah?"

Professor Froward stood behind her. He was a tall man, stooping slightly, grey-haired, clean-shaven. Many people con-

THE QUIVER

sidered him handsome; but his charm at first sight lay in his dark blue eyes, which were very kindly and singularly youthful. On this occasion, however, they held a weariness, though his countenance wore the freshness of bath and razor. His hair was rumpled—its usual state. He was garbed in a grey dressing-gown, with dark green girdle and lapels. In his left hand he held a partially eaten boiled egg, in his right a spoon.

"What is the meaning of this, Sarah?" he demanded again. His voice held more irritation than positive anger. He set the egg-cup rather violently on the pen-tray on his desk.

The hapless Susan struggled frantically with the loose papers. "I—I couldn't help it, sir," she said at last.

"Bah!" muttered the Professor, with an impatient wave of the spoon. "How often have I warned you against touching anything in my study? How often have I assured you that I do *not* desire to have my room what is popularly called *cleaned*? Why, times innumerable! But my patience is exhausted. You must leave my service—at once—within an hour. Your wages"—he fumbled in his pocket and brought out some keys, a glass stopper and a few coppers—"I forget what your wages are, but Miss Marjorite will hand them to you. Good-bye." He seated himself at his desk.

Susan rose and laid the papers on the chair. "Oh, sir, ye don't mean—"

"Go, go—no, stay. I wish to say, Jessie, that I have no fault to find with you generally; my complaint is that you seem to be incapable of obedience in a certain matter, and as I can stand it no longer, you must go. I am sorry, but my patience is exhausted." The Professor sighed and pencilled some jottings on a paper before him.

"But, sir!" protested Susan from the door.

"What is it, Maggie?" he asked, his eyes on the jottings.

"Ye'll excuse me for mentionin' it, sir," she said indignantly, "but my name's neither Sarah, nor Jessie, nor yet Maggie—"

"Ah!—well, well, I apologise for my mistake. I happen to be particularly busy—yes, yes! I apologise—er—Jane." The pencil moved jerkily.

With something like a snort, which was, however, closely followed by a low wail,

Susan departed. "And I've served him faithful for near twenty year," she said to herself, letting her instruments of house-work fall in a heap on the hall floor.

The pencil had gained in smoothness and speed when Marjorite, her hands filled with flowers, came in from the garden.

"Nunky!"

The Professor apparently did not hear.

"Nunky, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but have you been dismissing Susan again?"

"Eh, what's that, my child? . . . Dismissing Susan? Why, certainly, certainly; I had no alternative. You know that I cannot stand having this room disordered. Surely she has enough to do in the drawing-room, and so on."

Marjorite glanced round the room. "She does not seem to have disordered it very much, dear. As far as I can see, she has only put that etching straight—"

"And I had put it squint to remind me of an important point—which has now quite escaped me." The Professor threw out his hands. "Ellen must go!"

"I fear she will this time," sighed Marjorite, laying down the flowers.

"Yet," he said quickly, "if her going will upset any arrangements of *yours*—"

"Dear," said Marjorite, "you know she is the only person who has ever been able to put up with our erratic ways—"

"Our what, my child?"

"I'm positive Jenny is about to give notice. She has already complained about the odd meal hours and the explosions and—"

Froward dropped his pencil. "Hah! Are we to regulate our lives to suit the persons whom we pay to serve us?"

"But, Nunky, we *are* rather difficult to serve, don't you admit? And I know it won't be easy to get anyone so adaptable and contented as Susan. Still, dear, if it must be—"

There was a brief silence. Froward's face softened.

"My dear Marjorite," he said mildly, "I leave the matter entirely in your hands. I have no desire to add to your house-keeping troubles. To do so would be gross ingratitude. It may be that I was a little hasty. You may tell Jenny she can remain—"

"Susan, dear. But perhaps she won't stay this time. I'm sure she has been dismissed dozens of times in the past. She may now—"

"We must increase her wages. Yes, yes



"Surprise made her look up. 'Fifty pounds! How splendid!'"—p. 798.

THE QUIVER

That's the idea. Undoubtedly I was hasty. Tell her she shall have a couple of pounds a month additional. Will that do?" He took up his pencil.

Marjorite laughed in spite of herself. "Not long ago I calculated that if her wages had been increased every time you told me to increase them, Susan would now have about seven hundred a year! Besides"—more gravely—"she hasn't had any wages for the last four months."

"Bless my heart, how's that?"

"Well, dear, I couldn't bother you when you were so wrapped up in your great work."

"But haven't you any money, Marjorite? Didn't I give you twenty pounds last week?"

Said the girl reluctantly: "Dear Nunky, I think it was five pounds—last month."

The Professor's look was very penitent. "Forgive me, forgive me. Are you quite penniless, poor child?"

"Not quite, Uncle David. I think I have about ninepence."

"Dear, dear! How could I forget such an important thing as money? I must put the matter right instantly—instantly." He dived into his pocket and once more brought to light keys, glass stopper and coppers; also the egg-spoon, which Marjorite quietly took possession of. "Bless me! how did that get there?" he laughed. "I see that I must give you a cheque."

After a search amongst innumerable papers he brought to light a cheque-book. "Now let me see. Will fifty do to go on with, Marjorite?" Without waiting for her reply he seized a pen and plunged it into the forgotten egg.

Marjorite burst out laughing, but next moment she became serious. She came round the desk and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Dear Nunky," she said gently, "don't you remember the letter you got the other day from your banker, asking you not to draw any more cheques and to—pay what you owed the bank? It was last Tuesday, I think."

The pen fell from Froward's fingers. He put his hand to his head.

"I had quite forgotten," he said at last. Then, cheerfully, "I must call upon my banker and request him to be reasonable. To think that I should not be permitted to draw a miserable fifty pounds, when I am on the very eve of gaining a fortune. Quite absurd, is it not, my child?"

She checked a sigh. "Don't worry about it, dear. I dare say I can pacify Susan, and hold the fort generally for a little longer. But, oh, I do hope the Colonel may bring good news this morning—"

"This morning! Why, this is only Tuesday."

"Wednesday. You see, you have not been in bed."

There was an excitement in the Professor's voice as he said:

"Then Frampton may be here at any moment!" He rose and began to pace the room. "Ah, Marjorite, I cannot but feel hopeful. The advantages of that explosive of mine are not to be gainsaid, and Frampton's influence at the War Office is not to be doubted. And then we have every reason to believe—have we not?—that the long series of tests has been eminently satisfactory. Yes, yes; Frampton is sure to bring good news. And soon you shall have some reward for all your patience with this trying and troublesome old fellow." He halted, smiling at her with infinite affection.

"Oh," she cried, "you know I want nothing but to see you with heaps of money to allow you to reach your great desire. What a wonderful thing to save humanity from one of the most awful diseases! Why, you will be—you are—the greatest man that ever lived! How cruel that the experiments should be so costly! Oh, I do hope the wonderful new explosive is going to pay for them all—and give you your great desire, dear Uncle David!"

The Professor's gaze grew very tender. "Marjorite, try to believe that I have *two* great desires. You have mentioned one. The other is to see you happy."

"I *am* happy."

A little sadly he replied: "I promised my friend, your poor father, to try to keep his little girl happy; but often I fear—nay, I know—I have been neglectful—perhaps worse, for I have spent my fortune and given up an excellent and certain income to attain to what may prove, after all, to be but the impossible. And you have not enjoyed the opportunities for pleasure and experience I intended you to enjoy—opportunities which so many other young women nowadays enjoy; opportunities—"

Marjorite fell on his neck. "I wouldn't change places with any girl in the world. My happiness is to live with you and help you in little things, and wait for the great

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

triumph that is surely coming some day. Oh, I would not have had the last ten years different for anything."

"My dear Marjorite!"

A knock at the door sent them apart.

Susan entered with a bunch of letters. "Ye left them on the breakfast-table, sir," she said coldly.

Froward took them, glanced at his niece, and to the woman said awkwardly: "Ellen, I wish you to remain with us."

"Thank ye, sir, but——"

"I—I shall be glad to increase your——"

Said Marjorite quickly: "Susan and I will have a little talk presently." She whispered to Froward: "Call her Susan, and she'll stay."

"Susan, I—er—well——"

"Thank ye, sir." Susan gulped and fled. "As if I ever meant to leave the poor body," she said to herself.

"Nunky," said Marjorite, "do try to remember for a day or two that Susan is her name. She has been with you so long."

"I know, I know; but there have been so many others. Still, I will try, my dear." The Professor took the flat penwiper (which, of course, was never used for wiping pens) from his desk, hesitated, then crossed the floor and placed it on the bust. "That may serve to remind me, if no one removes it."

"No one shall," she assured him, smiling. "Now, did you open your letters at breakfast? Where are they? In your pocket?" She brought them from his dressing-gown. "Why, you have *not* opened them. Shall I?"

"Certainly, certainly. Now I must get back to the laboratory. Something may have happened since before breakfast, and I am anxious——"

"One minute, Nunky, one minute. No; there doesn't seem to be anything important. Only accounts and circulars and—— Gracious! what's this? A telegram! Did a telegram come this morning?"

The Professor reflected. "Let me see. . . . No; not *this* morning. . . . Yesterday, perhaps, or the day before."

"But you've never opened it! Oh, Nunky, must I go through your pockets every day?"

"If you please, Marjorite. Research seems to render me a little forgetful, possibly careless. What does the wire say? 'Referring to two previous letters, shall call noon to-morrow.—MacFee.' MacFee! who

is he? Never heard of such a person! Previous letters? Nonsense!"

Marjorite sighed. "They may be in some of your other clothes, unopened. Oh, why did I leave you last week? It may be something fearfully important, and—— Goodness! there's the bell! Can it be the man who wired? Quick, dear, sit down!"

He obeyed. She ran to a small cabinet, from which she secured a brush and comb. Deftly she arranged his untidy hair, set his tie straight, and performed sundry other little attentions. Then she put away the toilet implements, and, observing the egg on the pen-tray, caught it up and concealed it behind the clock on the mantelpiece.

Froward rose. "My child," he said, running his fingers through his hair, "what should I do without you?"

Marjorite, in a listening attitude, held up a hand for silence.

"I believe it's the Colonel," she whispered.

"Oh, my dear, don't be too greatly disappointed if——"

CHAPTER II

A LEGACY AND A CONDITION

"COLONEL FRAMPTON and Mr. Richard Frampton."

The father and son came in slowly. Froward advanced eagerly to greet them. Marjorite stood still, her hand to her breast, her lips parted.

With a miserable attempt at a smile the Colonel shook hands and dropped upon a chair; he wagged his white head. His son Dick, a good-looking boy of twenty-four, managed a cheerful enough greeting, though his brown eyes were full of sympathy; he remained standing by the girl.

The Professor's face fell; then, with a small laugh, he seated himself not far from his old friend.

There was an unhappy silence until the Colonel spoke. As a rule he was the briskest and blithest of men; now he looked wretched.

"Nearly funk'd coming, old fellow. But Dick thought it better. After all, I don't suppose I could have expressed myself in a letter."

"Thank you," said Froward quietly. "I know you have done all that a man could do, Frampton——"

"All a sane man could do in dealing with imbeciles. I'm sick about this thing, Froward; I tell you, I'm sick about it. After

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scores of the most convincing tests they haven't the wit to see in Marjorite the cheapest, safest and most effective explosive of the age. It's a good thing for some people that the country doesn't know how its interests are trifled with. That letter I got from headquarters this morning—bah! I can't speak about it! Fools, dolts, idiots, imbeciles, noodles, nincompoops!" continued the Colonel, getting warm. "It's enough to make a moderately loyal man take his goods to a foreign government."

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that," said the other mildly.

"Shouldn't have mentioned it if I had thought you would. But, by Jupiter! Froward, a man has got to pay for his patriotism."

"I suppose the letter contained no reason for—"

"Reason! They haven't an ounce of it between them. A line or two of frigid regrets—that was all—dictated to a person who knew nothing about the matter by a person who knew less. I tell you, it made my blood boil. Can't you convert this explosive stuff—this Marjorite—into some sort of patent medicine, and make your fortune? A tonic warranted to cure that void feeling about the head. The War Office would require to buy lots of it then. Ha!"

The Professor permitted himself a sad smile. "An excellent idea, but I fear beyond my abilities."

"Oh, Nunky, I'm sure you could do it," Marjorite exclaimed; "you can do anything."

He laughed softly. "You have seen, my dear," he said.

"You are quite right, Miss Marjorite," said the Colonel gravely; "your uncle *can* do anything. Only in this case his success has been rendered futile by a parcel of fatheads."

"Hear, hear!" observed Dick.

Marjorite gave the father and son a grateful glance and moved away to the open window. Her eyes were wet. Presently the young man, looking a little awkward, joined her.

"When you wish it," he whispered, "I have something to give you."

She coloured. "Thank you. In a little while," she whispered back. "No; let it be now. Shall we go into the garden?"

They found a seat at a short distance from the house.

"What a horrid day!" remarked Marjorite, her eyes on the ground.

"Why, it's just about the finest we've had all June!"

"I meant for poor Uncle David's disappointment. It ought to have been a deluge with thunder and lightning, and— and mud everywhere."

"Of course—certainly. But the Professor is too big a man to lie down to a disappointment, however severe."

Marjorite sighed. "Well," she said, without raising her eyes, "shall we— shall we get it over?"

The young man laid a small sealed packet in her lap. "I don't think you should worry so about this little matter," he said gently. "It was a very simple business transaction. And all I need say is that I got you fifty pounds for the ring and brooch."

Surprise made her look up. "Fifty pounds! How splendid! And, oh, Dick, how good, how clever of you! I had no idea they were so valuable."

"Well, you see," he exclaimed, "I found a decent sort of chap to advance the money—to advance, you understand. They're not sold, you know. So you can buy them back later on. I thought you'd prefer that way of doing it."

She gave him a grateful glance. "Yes, indeed! I'm glad to have the smallest chance of getting them back. They were mother's, and though I don't remember her, I hated parting with them. You have been very kind, Dick," she went on, and the young man flushed slightly. She slipped the packet inside her blouse. "Which was the more valuable, Dick, the ring or the brooch?"

"Oh—er—the brooch, of course, Marjorite."

"Really! Did you get more than twenty-five pounds for it?"

Dick nodded. "By the way—"

"Then they must have been diamonds, after all. Uncle David once said they were only—"

"First time I ever heard of him making a mistake," said Dick with a laugh, and brought out his cigarette case. "By the way, Marjorite, I hope you are satisfied that my dad did all that was possible on your uncle's behalf in regard to Marjorite."

"Oh, surely. Yet I wish he would try again. Do you think he would?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be much use."

THE PROFESSOR'S PREDICAMENT

"But when people are so stupid they require to be nagged at; don't you think so? I don't want to nag at you, Dick—you have been so good—but it meant *everything* to Uncle David. I don't suppose he realises yet how great is the blow. Marjorite was not his ambition; it was only a means to an end. So much money is needed to complete his really great discovery. Oh, Dick, couldn't you persuade the Colonel to approach those stupid people again?"

The young man gazed at his unlighted cigarette.

"Don't you know by this time, Marjorite," he said slowly, "that I would do anything for you?"

"For Uncle David," she said, and turned away.

"Marjorite!" He put out his hand.

She rose. "Perhaps we had better go in, Dick."

"Not yet, Marjorite." He got up and stood facing her with earnest eyes. "I must tell you something, though you probably know it already. Marjorite, dear—"

"Don't!" she cried. "You mustn't speak so to me."

For a brief space he regarded the pretty, downcast face. Then he saw it flush. Words, words of desire were at his lips, when she raised her eyes and with a look forbade their utterance. It was not a look of anger or even coldness; it was as if she had said: "My friend, do not hurt me."

"Shall we walk round the garden before going in?" he said huskily. "You haven't told me about your week in London."

Meanwhile Colonel Frampton was sympathising with his friend.

"I fear this has hit you hard, old fellow," he said. "Marjorite, too, will feel it."



"Let me lend you a couple of thou. Come now, my dear fellow, don't make a fuss about a trifle"—p. 800.

"I think I desired success almost as much for her sake as my own." The Professor sighed. "But she is a brave girl, Frampton. I—I have not done well by her. I—"

"Nonsense! You're the most devoted pair of people I've ever encountered. But what about the great investigations?"

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"I hope—I *hope* I may be permitted to continue—or, rather, resume—them at some future time. It is obvious now that I must devote myself to work that is profitable in a practical sense. Some provision must be made for——"

"Look here, Froward," said the Colonel rather nervously, "believe me, I haven't been prying, but sometimes I've thought, or fancied—at least—oh, well, I say, if it's of any use to you and your grand work, let me lend you a couple of thou. Come now, my dear fellow, don't make a fuss about a trifle. Between friends, you know——"

"God bless you, Frampton, God bless you! But I must manage without that. And now——"

At that moment the housemaid entered with a tray on which reposed a gentleman's card.

"Mr. John J. MacFee," read the Professor. "Never heard of him. Stay! Where's that telegram? I must see Marjorite. Where is Marjorite?"

"In the garden," replied the Colonel. "I'll send her to you. Dick and I shall be getting home. But I'll look in again to-morrow."

"No; I must see more of you. Stay to lunch and cheer Marjorite up. Smoke a cigar in the garden till the man has gone. He won't stay long. I shan't encourage him to stay. Someone from one of the societies, I fancy." He turned to the housemaid. "You may show the gentleman in here, Ethel."

"Froward," said the Colonel from the window, "don't worry yourself about Marjorite's future."

"Eh? Why do you say that, Frampton?"

The Colonel laughed lightly for the first time that day. "Because——" He checked himself. "Don't worry," he repeated blithely, and went out.

When Marjorite entered the study she found her uncle in conversation with a gentleman of middle-age, frock-coated, clean-shaven, and of exceedingly bland countenance.

"Ah, Marjorite, you have come. This is my niece, sir. Marjorite, this is Mr. Mac—MacNee——"

"MacFee," the gentleman corrected pleasantly, as he bowed to Marjorite.

"Pardon me," said the Professor. "Pray

be seated, sir. Marjorite, Mr. MacFee has just been telling me that he has come on some business from my Aunt Dorothea, whom you have never met——"

"Your late aunt, Professor Froward," put in Mr. MacFee.

"Quite so, quite so," said Froward. Then suddenly: "Dear, dear! is my Aunt Dorothea—dead?"

"She died three weeks ago," replied Mr. MacFee, unable to conceal his astonishment. "Surely you received an intimation at the time?"

The Professor looked blankly at his niece. "Did I, Marjorite?" After a pause: "No, apparently not, Mr. Mac—Nab. But my aunt and I have not met for many years, and possibly she omitted——"

"I sent you the intimation myself, my dear sir. Of course, it *may* have miscarried. But I have written you twice since." As neither of his audience made any remark, he proceeded: "Then I have to inform you that Miss Froward died in Switzerland, where she had resided for a considerable number of years. She had attained the great age of eighty-three."

"I—I am exceedingly sorry to hear it."

Mr. MacFee nipped a smile in the bud.

"It may relieve your mind to know, Professor," he continued, "that in her last illness my late client particularly desired that you should not trouble to make the journey on her account."

"I should certainly have made it, had I known, Mr. MacNab. My aunt and I had no quarrel, but I confess that she often disapproved of what she called my business methods. No doubt she was right. I am sorry to hear she has gone, poor lady. I am sorry, also, to have put you to the trouble of coming all the way from town to tell me the sad news."

Mr. MacFee allowed himself a little smile. "I trust my visit, Professor, may not prove entirely of a melancholy nature; though, to be sure, the will of my late client—— Pardon me, but what, may I inquire, is that curious hissing sound?"

"It comes from my laboratory—nothing to be alarmed about, Mr.—Mr.—MacCrae."

"Ah! As I was about to say, the will of my late client is of a somewhat unusual—one might almost say peculiar—nature. I do not know if you, Professor, were aware that Miss Froward was a lady of considerable possessions—a wealthy woman, in fact."



"The condition is that within three calendar months from this date, you shall take to yourself a—wife"—p. 802.

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Here Marjorite, who had sat rigid throughout the conversation, gave a little gasp and clasped her hands.

"I do not recollect having considered my aunt in that way," murmured Froward.

Mr. MacFee cleared his throat. "I have here a copy of the will. It is not a lengthy document, but if you prefer me to do so, I can tell you in a few plain words——"

"Oh, please," sighed Marjorite. "Please, Mr. MacFee."

The lawyer smiled kindly upon her. "Very well. You, Professor, can study the document afterwards, for it may be that its terms may not at first altogether satisfy or gratify you. Speaking as a bachelor rather than a lawyer, I fear they would embarrass me somewhat. At the same time I would impress upon you that Miss Froward was of undoubtedly sound mind and in possession of all her faculties when the will was made nine years ago. There can be no question as to that. Well, my dear sir, to put it in the plainest language"—here Mr. MacFee glanced uneasily in the direction of the laboratory, where the hissing sound had considerably increased—"to put it in the plainest language, your aunt leaves you the sum of fifty——"

There was a loud report, closely followed by the sound of shattering glass.

Mr. MacFee sprang to his feet.

"Pray do not be alarmed," said Froward rather wearily. "A trifling incident in the day's work. You have said that my poor aunt was good enough to leave me fifty pounds."

Marjorite all but sobbed.

"I was about to say," said the lawyer, gingerly resuming his seat, "that your aunt has left you the sum of fifty thousand pounds, free of legacy duty."

Marjorite was already beside her uncle. Her arms went round his neck. "Oh, Nunky, it's just—just Providence!"

For about a minute Mr. MacFee's glances wavered between the pair and the laboratory door. Then in his most professional voice he resumed:

"I have now to inform you of the condition attached to the legacy. It may seem a hard condition in some ways, but you will remember, my dear sir, that you are the last of the name, and also that, though you may not have realised it, your aunt had a very sincere regard for you."

"What is the condition?" asked the Professor, clinging to the hand of Marjorite, who had seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"Oh, what?" she echoed.

Mr. MacFee blew his nose with great deliberation and methodically returned his handkerchief to his pocket.

"The condition is that within three calendar months from this date, the twenty-third day of June, you shall take to yourself a—wife."

"A what?" shouted the Professor.

"A—a wife!" cried his niece.

Mr. MacFee bowed.

"You mean get married?" Froward exclaimed.

"I believe it is synonymous," murmured the lawyer.

"Oh, poor, *poor* Nunky!" whispered Marjorite. "What a shame!"

"It's absurd!" groaned Froward.

"It may seem so, I grant you," said Mr. MacFee calmly. "But such is the condition."

The Professor stared wildly around. "But where should I ever find a wife?"

The lawyer's smile was a trifle dry. "Pardon me, but you have only heard one of the provisions of my client's will. There is another provision which may serve to render the search not altogether difficult——"

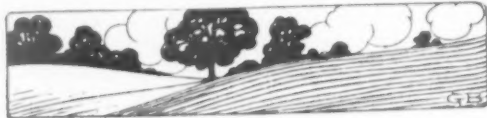
"What! Has—has she left me a—a wife also?"

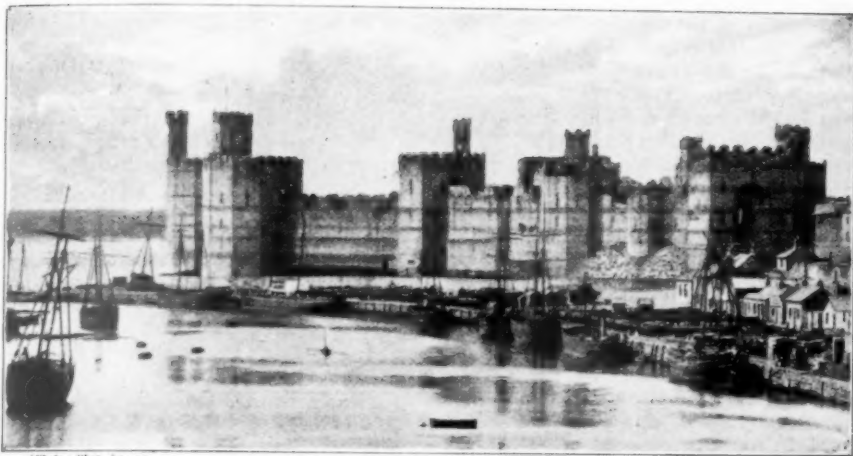
"My dear sir!" Mr. MacFee actually laughed. "Oh, dear, no! You are entirely free to choose for yourself. At the same time——"

"For any sake, explain!"

"I will," said the lawyer, becoming grave.

[END OF CHAPTER TWO]





(Photo: Photostock.com.)

CARNARVON CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

The Investiture of the Prince of Wales

By FRANK ELIAS

NOTHING in recent years has stirred Welsh national sentiment more than the King's consent to the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon in July.

At the accession of King Edward an agitation was begun for investing the present King with the honours of the Prince of Wales. But the movement quickly collapsed and was no more heard of until the autumn of 1910. King George's immediate consent to the ceremony of Investiture, and his prompt decision as to the town in which it should take place, created intense enthusiasm in Wales—an enthusiasm which will be fully articulate when His Majesty presents his son to the Principality.

The King's consent to the Investiture would be popular for many reasons. North Wales, particularly, is to a considerable extent dependent for its prosperity upon the English visitor, and visitors, English and American, are expected to pour into the country as never before. Apart, however, from the record trade anticipated, Wales expects to get an advertisement which will bring her many new friends who will remain friends.

But the coming of the King and Prince is welcomed for reasons far other than those

mentioned, for the Welshman sees in the Investiture the recognition, by the head of the British Empire, of the distinctive character of Welsh nationality. Wales is a nation, even more than Canada is a nation. Her intense loyalty is in no wise impaired, but supported, by her national aspirations. She does not hold herself to be in opposition to, but in co-operation with, the other constituent parts of the Empire. Yet she is conscious of her distinctive character—a character still not recognised by many Englishmen—who regard Welsh counties as little more than part of England—but which has been emphatically acknowledged by the action of the King.

Wales is a nation of bards. Through the national temperament there runs a poetic fire which quickly flashes into flame on an appeal to natural feelings of loyalty and patriotism. Her chivalry is stirred at the spectacle of a youthful Prince standing up before her to be *her* Prince. To be able to receive him, not in some cold throne room far away in London, but in one of her most ancient towns, and before a background of her still more ancient hills, fills her with delight and anticipation. She sees in the Investiture a drawing together of those

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bonds which for centuries have united her in devotion to the English royal House, and a beginning of a more intelligent comprehension of her aims by those other peoples who, with her, make up the Empire over which that House presides.

The town of Carnarvon lies on the Menai Strait at the mouth of the narrow river Seiont and faces the low-lying island of Anglesey. At the back of the town the ground rises slowly until the traveller finds himself at length shut in by hills. No scenery is more characteristic of North Wales than that which may be observed within a twelve mile radius of Carnarvon, and when the visitor reaches the town, whether he has done so by rail, motor or cycle, he will have received a distinct impression of the peculiar beauties of Welsh mountain and valley. From these ancient hills the Welsh bards drew their inspiration, and from these solemn, shadowed valleys the national temperament still partakes its wistful, melancholy quality. Looking down from the hills into the town, the castle of Carnarvon at once arrests attention, not only because of its bold and striking outline, but because of its significance to the present ceremony. It is the emblem of an oppression long since forgotten and forgiven by the people of the land in which it rises. It was from these turrets that, according to a legend, persistent enough to be true, the first Edward exhibited the Prince who, as he had promised, could speak no word of English. It is from the same spot that the reigning King will present to a very differently animated populace their Prince and future sovereign.

Carnarvon Castle, "the noblest badge of our subjection," as an old Welsh writer has called it, is the largest and best preserved castle among the many ancient and noble buildings scattered throughout Wales. It covers between two and three acres, and when its white towers catch the sun it stands out notably, blackened no longer



(Photo G. H. Jones)

THE STONE IN CARNARVON CASTLE WHICH RECORDS THE NAMES OF THE PRINCES OF WALES.

with the marks of man's passions, but mild and noble in antiquity. It was begun by Edward I. in 1284, and completed by that second Edward whose infant form is said to have been exhibited as the first English Prince of Wales, and who, for hundreds of years, was believed to have been born in the Eagle Tower. The legend cannot survive the fact that it was the man who was said to have been born in the Eagle Tower who built the tower.

If the question is raised, from what point on the castle walls will King George present his son to the Principality, many people will be ready to answer at once that precedent should be followed, and that the spot should be that exactly on which Edward I. stood when holding up the infant Prince. Unfortunately for Carnarvon, however, not only was the infant not born in the castle, but he was, in all probability, not presented to the Welsh chieftains from the castle walls. He was born in the town, it is true, but he was only actually shown to his Cymric subjects at Rhuddlan near Rhyl, forty miles away. So that, if strict precedent were to be followed, the present young Prince of Wales would not be called upon to stand upon the walls of Carnarvon Castle at all. The fact remains that the institution of the title which he bears is bound up with the ancient town on the Seiont, and that in Carnarvon, as in no other place, is to be found the scene appropriate to the Investiture.

A committee of representative Welshmen has been sitting to decide various questions relative to the ceremony. Some of its details will probably not be settled until just before the event takes place. But even at the time of writing it is possible to conjure up something of the probable scene. Before the castle is a great open square or market place. Packed closely in this vast space from a very early hour will be an enormous throng of sightseers—solemn-eyed men from the Festiniog underground slate quarries,

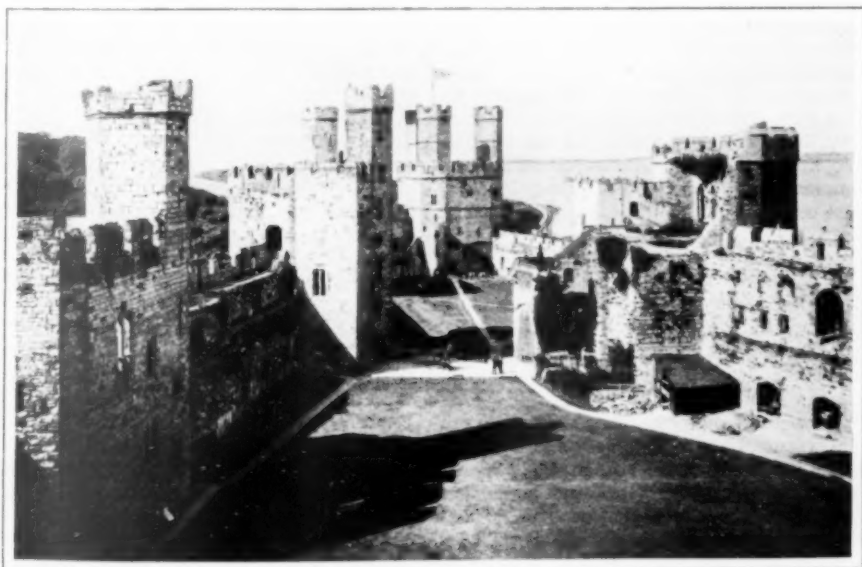
THE INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

Pentryn workmen, colliers from South Wales, farmers from Carnarvonshire and Merioneth, towns-men from Cardiff and Wrexham, boarding-house keepers from the coast towns, and, jostling with these, Liverpool and Manchester excursionists, brown-skinned English holiday makers from Llandudno and Rhyl, and smart Americans with their quick comments on all they see and hear. Behind and above this struggling, cheering, cheerful throng, with its loyalist cries and enthusiasm, rise the windows of bank, post-office and offices—quiet country-town solicitors' offices, wherein at least one member of Parliament earns his living—each window thereof crowded. Flags fly from every roof, and wherever one looks the familiar "Ich dien" meets the eye. Within the castle are gathered another throng. Accommodation is being provided for 10,840 guests drawn from all classes of Wales. The ladies, in response to a hint from the Investiture Committee, observe a certain uniformity in dress, the prevailing tone according with that of the decorations—white and green. Well-known Welsh leaders, preachers, politicians and philanthropists mix with high Court officials. The enthusiasm, if more

dignified, is not the less keen. As they fill the high stands, waiting the Prince's coming, their feelings expand.

Among the Welshmen here gathered there is a sense not merely of the importance, but the unique importance of the occasion. It marks an epoch. Such an experience of royal respect for Wales is unequalled by any received before. Perhaps their delight is sometimes a little ingenuous; perhaps they are a little more impressed than need be by the formalities imported into the occasion by the State officials, but there is no questioning the reality of their zeal.

Presently, amid the shouting of the people without, there appear, crossing the moat and passing through the "grand entrance," three figures recognised by all. A great burst of cheering goes up as the King and Queen, accompanied by the youthful hero of the occasion, enter the ancient castle and take up their places at a spot just within the precincts, and beside the cannon. In this splendid but peaceful scene this black and sullen reminder of the horrors of war were perhaps better away. Yet after all its presence only attests the conquest of Peace, who here appears with a hostage won from the enemy.



(Photo. Courcy 1911-12)

WHERE THE INVESTITURE WILL TAKE PLACE: INTERIOR OF CARNARVON CASTLE.

THE QUIVER

The Investiture now takes place, the King performing the actual ceremony and conferring on the Prince his ancient titles and honours. This duly completed, His Royal Highness moves away and mounts Eleanor's Gate. The next moment he looks down upon the vast concourse in the square, and a cry, louder than was ever heard in Carnarvon before, goes up and echoes in the surrounding stones. Perhaps this, and not the ceremony of Investiture, is the supreme moment in the Prince's day, for now is reproduced that earlier, far-off scene when the first English Prince was held before his people. Yet how great is the contrast as well as the similarity. Not now anger and disappointment, but delight; not now defiance, but acceptance; not now hatred, but something that might almost be called affection.

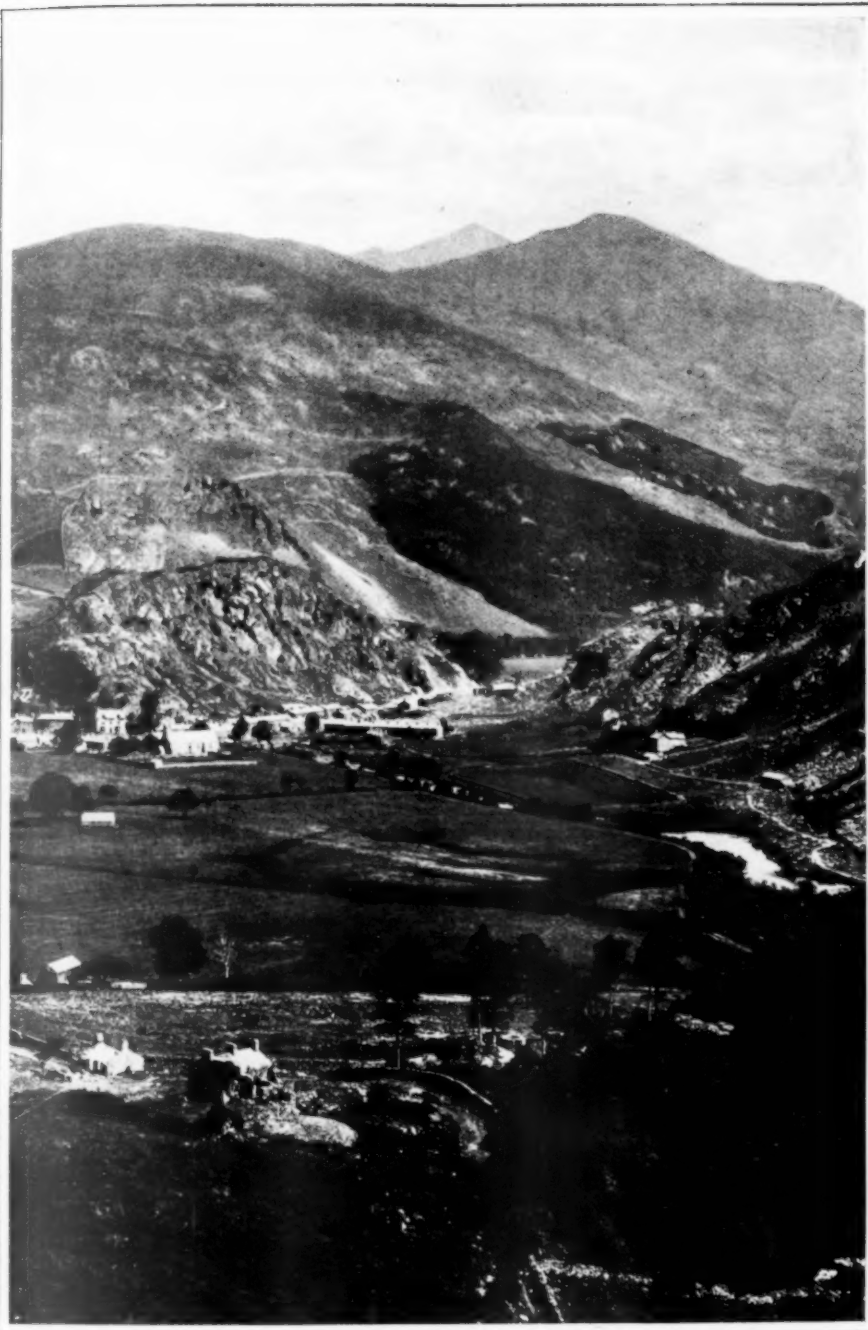
The carping critic will probably be present. He is not often away from any ceremony of the kind. And he will have his usual comment to offer: This is but a show; of what value is it?

The answer may be given at once. It has a double value—one for the Prince, one for his people. It is one of the most admirable characteristics of the domestic life of the Royal Family, and one of the features of that life for the tradition of which the nation owes a great debt to Queen Victoria, that the young members of the House are kept carefully secluded from the public eye. Few facts, few "pretty stories" are allowed to transpire. The English public school tradition which forbids anything of the kind in the life of the commoner is just as strictly enforced in the case of the young Princes. The consequence is that, though the society journalist has increased enormously during recent years, practically nothing is known of the boy who will some day reign over us. He is believed to have inherited the family keenness in doing, and to possess that pleasant characteristic of the Royal Family, a sense of his own kinship, not only with kings, but human kind. His education is still a long way off being complete, and, apart from the Investiture, he will continue to live for some time in the seclusion which his parents' fine common sense imposes upon him. But now that the Coronation is over he will become, for a month, the most conspicuous figure in the country. For him the Investiture will mean an experience to which few

English princes of his age have for many years been submitted. But knowing what we do of his father, and also of his mother, we may be quite certain that he will not be allowed to receive injury from his prominence. He is being taught, as one of the great lessons of life, the ennobling quality of simplicity, and we may be sure that the coming Investiture is being presented to him as the first of his great responsibilities in life.

The practical value to Wales of the Investiture will be enormous. The country is divided upon many questions, but people of all opinions will, in their reception of their Prince, have a common object such as they never had before. The annual National Eisteddfod is the only other occasion which permits of a truce, and for that event Mr. Lloyd George, the leader of militant Welsh Nonconformity, if also to-day Chancellor of the Exchequer, has often been the guest of the eminent Church leader, the Bishop of St. Asaph. The Investiture will summon men of all shades of opinion, and the cheers of the Radical will be no less resonant than those of the squire and churchman.

I shall never forget the thrilling effect of hearing, in a small committee room at Carnarvon, a number of out-of-work quarrymen sing—not for money, nor even for an audience—the slow and solemn hymn of "God bless the Prince of Wales." The feeling they put into the words echoed the feeling in the heart of their country. The words of that lyric reflect the attitude of the Welshman as they might not do that of the son of some other races; for while it is a loyal cry it is also a prayer. Wales is a nation in which religion has a great place. The acknowledgment of the Supreme Being mingles spontaneously with any expression of a Welshman's hopes and fears. To him the religious aspect of the Investiture will make an overwhelming appeal. He is at heart a mystic, and if his rather crude feeling for colour and somewhat naive interest in State ceremonial may turn his attention for a moment to some of the lesser aspects of the Investiture, the reminder of its higher significance will quickly recall him to a sense of the overwhelming solemnity of the occasion. And in the moment in which he raises his voice in unison with that of thousands of his countrymen, he will in no unreal spirit beseech blessing for the young Prince.



(Photo: Photocolor.)

THE MONARCH OF WALES: SNOWDON, WITH BEDDGELERT AT ITS BASE.



Extracts from a Gardener's Diary

By ANNIE MABEL SEVERS

JANUARY 1.—I intend to keep a record of all my garden work this year. It will keep me in touch with it when it is too wet and dreary to be out, and will be of use to me next year.

How I love my little oblong garden, with its tiny orchard at the end, and the row of fir trees along one side to keep off the cold winds that blow across from the North Sea! Since I have been left alone—father, mother, sister, all gone—my garden has been everything to me. Friends I have, and dear friends, too, among these kindly village people, but my garden and my little dwelling-house are my very, very own.

I heard a rumour to-day that the house joining mine has been let at last. I hope it is not true; though, if the garden were cultivated, there would be fewer weeds to creep through the hedge and root themselves in my trim gravel walk, and less thistledown would float inconsequently over my domain. Still, a tribe of noisy children running about next door would rob me of the seclusion and peace that I prize so highly, for at present, when I am at

work in my garden, I am alone in a world of my own, as the two houses stand quite by themselves, and no friendly or unfriendly eye can overlook. I and my garden are enough for each other. I sometimes wish that the low privet hedge that separates the two gardens had been a stone wall or a wood fence; 'twould have cut me off more completely from any undesirable neighbours. But perhaps the new tenant will be a lonely old maid, as I am looked upon by the village people. I am only thirty, and sometimes when I am in my garden, wandering among my flowers in the spring time, I have fancies and follies enough in my head for a lassie of sweet and twenty! But enough of this for to-day. I will away out into my garden and weed and roll my paths before the snow comes. It has been a green Yule, but we must expect the opening month of the year to bring us winter weather.

February 20.—Have had a busy morning in the garden. The frost has gone at last and the high, cold winds have dried the ground so that I have been able to put in a row of early peas, also a few sweet peas, sown in groups at the south end of the garden. The ground is cold for them yet, but they are there ready for the sun's rays when they penetrate so far. My new neighbour, who has, I suppose, been busy putting his house to rights during the cold weather, was also in his garden. He seems to be living quite alone, and one of the village women who goes in to clean for him tells me "he manages wonderful!" He has bought the house, I hear, so he and I are likely to be neighbours for a long time to come. We have just exchanged a "good-morning," and a remark about the weather

ROSEMARY IN HER GARDEN

over the privet hedge. He is busy digging over his land; a hard piece of work, after it has been neglected so long, but he seems to know how to go about it. He is making a great heap of stuff to burn, and thoroughly trenching and manuring as he goes on. He looks to be a man of about forty; I saw his hair was quite grey at the temp'les as he raised his cap. If only he doesn't drink, or anything of that sort, he will be a quiet, inoffensive neighbour, and I might have had much worse. The snowdrops are nodding in the sun to-day, and a lark has been singing overhead.

March 18.—What a busy month this is, and a typical March it has been so far. The last few days of February were, indeed, "February fill-dyke," for, after a few sunny, mild days we had a heavy snow-storm. Then March came in like a lion, bringing a second edition of the storm. Now the snow has all disappeared, the crocuses are making the borders gay, and a "peck of March dust, which is worth a king's ransom," is whirling down the road. I have at last got a few early potatoes in, also cabbage and cauliflower plants. Have also made a sowing of broad beans, and another row of peas. In this northern climate, and so near the sea, it does not pay to sow many seeds till March has fairly gone. If it goes like a lamb, and April is fine, I shall have to be in the garden all day. The daffodils are beginning to nod their golden buds in front of the laurel hedge that screens my little front garden from the road, the wallflowers are giving promise of flowery sweetness, while the flowering currant near the gate is a picture of glory when the morning sun shines on it.

My neighbour is still toiling, but has dug over nearly the whole of his wilderness. We have had one or two chats about gardening over the privet hedge. I have given him a few rooted cuttings of herbs for his herb bed. He seemed specially pleased with a rosemary plant—a favourite of his, he said. I felt so vexed with myself afterwards, it seemed so stupid to blurt out like a child: "Oh, that's my name." His face quite lighted up.

"I have never known anyone with that name before," he said. "Rosemary for remembrance."

I turned away abruptly and began hoeing at the other end of the garden. It will

not do to have poetry as well as gardening talk over the hedge.

April 30.—What a glorious month this has been. It has seemed like the birth of a new world. The little bed under my kitchen window has been blue with violets; the scent of them is like elixir every time I go in and out. Surely they have never been of such heavenly blue or so sweet as this year. The wallflowers, too, are excelling themselves, while polyantheses and primroses are shining out of their green leaves as if with a smile of welcome to the spring. It is good to be alive and a garden lover in the spring time. I am often filled with a feeling of ecstasy when I am working among all the growing things. I am nearer to God in my garden than anywhere else, for there I am alone with Him, except for the choir of birds singing their glorious anthem of praise. Even the cuckoo seemed to be saying "Amen" this morning.

May 13.—My neighbour is more fortunate than I in one thing. He has a row of white and purple lilac bushes in the hedge at the other side of his garden, and they are heavy now with fragrant bunches of blossom. I was admiring them this morning when we exchanged our usual greeting over the hedge. This afternoon, when I was making my second sowing of carrots, I heard him call "Miss Rosemary." He has always called me that since the day I gave him the rosemary bush. He was at the hedge with a great armful of lilac.

"There," he said, "if this is in your room it won't be wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

"Lovely!" I exclaimed.

He smiled such a queer smile, and went off to his work, saying, "Yes, but I prefer rosemary."

Rosemary seems a poor favourite now that the spring flowers have come.

There is a wood at the top of a steep lane not half an hour's walk away. Here every May "the bluebells imitate the sky," and I always take a day's holiday to go and dream among them. Yesterday I set off early to spend my day in God's wild garden. A quick walk, full of anticipation, brought me to the edge of the wood; I passed through the gate, and was immediately in fairyland. Above was the delicate green of the trembling beech leaves; below, the



"We have had one or two chats over the
privet hedge."

fragrant carpet of blue, with green of grass and unfolding fern fronds straying over it. Did I say fairyland? Might I not better say a Temple of the Most High, wherein the soul might worship and lose itself in adoration, as the

singing lark lost himself in the blue of the sky as I came up the road? And thousands of people will pay to-night to go and be entertained in vile atmospheres, while I have had this sweet world of beauty to myself for nothing.

June 30.—The month of roses has nearly passed, but the roses are not nearly over. The hedges in the lanes are garlanded with wild roses and honeysuckle; in the garden there is a wealth of blossom. There is plenty of work, too. I am fighting a determined war with weeds this year; it is not so hopeless a conflict now that the garden next door is getting into such good condition. The growing crops look well, and now the pea sticks are in, the garden has a more furnished look. I could almost write a book on "The Art of Pea-sticking!" My neighbour wanted to come and help me to put them in, but I told him I had always done them myself, and needed no help. He seemed a bit huffy, I thought, at my refusal, and stalked away saying that I was very independent. He has never been into my garden yet.

July 16.—We had a gloriously wet day yesterday, and most acceptable, as the ground was getting parched and the labour of watering heavy. To-day I have been planting out, as fast as I could, cauliflowers, savoys, and other greens. So hard did I work this morning that my neighbour called to me over the hedge not to overdo it. I

took a long rest this afternoon in a deck chair on the gravel walk near my rose border. I have never enjoyed my garden as much as this summer. Nearly everything has done well, and

already I am making plans and sowings for next year. To-night I went out in the garden in the dusk to hunt for snails, expecting them to be numerous after yesterday's rain. My neighbour was sitting in his garden, and when I appeared he came to the hedge at once, calling "Miss Rosemary."

I captured two particularly fine black snails that were making for my strawberry bed, then strolled across to the hedge.

"I'm busy," I said; "have you no slugs to catch?"

He laughed. "I'm lazy to-night. Let them feast on my lettuces if they like; I've far more than I shall ever eat!"

We stood talking for some time. The air was soft and sweet, and at the end of the garden a blackbird was giving out little sleepy trills. My heart seemed a-quiver. The beauty of the evening was affecting me strangely. I felt, too, that my neighbour was not untouched by the influences around us.

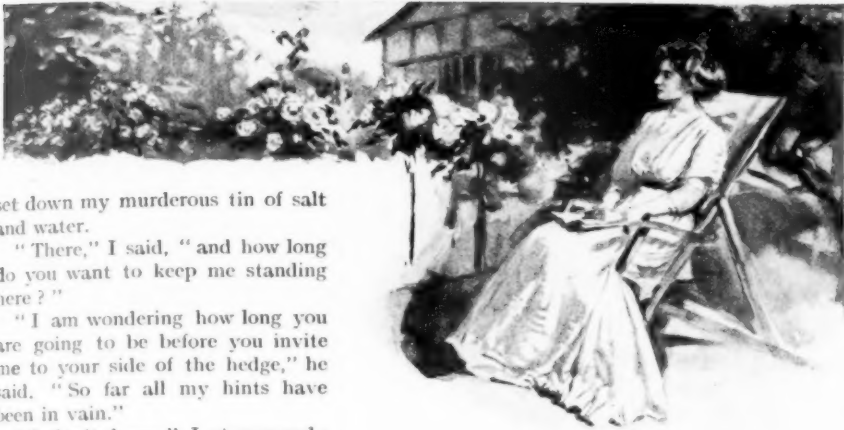
We were silent for a minute or two, listening to the blackbird which was getting sleepier every moment. Then I began to move away.

"Oh, don't go in yet," he said.

"The slugs——" I began.

"Never mind them to-night; it is too perfect an evening to think of anything so earthly."

I drew my gloves off meekly, and



set down my murderous tin of salt and water.

"There," I said, "and how long do you want to keep me standing here?"

"I am wondering how long you are going to be before you invite me to your side of the hedge," he said. "So far all my hints have been in vain."

"I don't know," I stammered; "I didn't know you wanted to come."

"I either want to come on *your* side, or you to come on *mine*."

All of a sudden I began to tremble—why, I don't know.

"It's too late now," I said hastily, "you couldn't see anything."

"Come for a stroll to the top of the lane," he said, unexpectedly; "do, it's a shame to go indoors yet."

I hesitated. A village is a very public place. All one's actions are noticed and talked over. But it was nearly dark, and we were not likely to meet many people in the long, steep lane that led to my bluebell wood.

"All right," I said, "I'll meet you at the front gate."

We were very quiet at first as we walked up the lane in the gloaming. Then he began to talk in a quiet way that seemed to fit in with the still beauty of the night.

"You don't know what it means to me," he said, "to have someone to talk to like this. I have been a lonely chap all my life, for I have not the knack of making many friends. I think I am too old-fashioned. The world goes so fast nowadays, I don't feel as if I want to keep up with it; God and His beautiful world have quite satisfied me—till I knew you," he added after a pause.

By the time we had reached the top of the hill he had told me much of his history. He had had a motherless childhood, with a cold, self-contained father, then a strenuous

"... In a deck chair on the gravel walk near my rose border."

business life, from which he had retired as soon as possible, sick of the competition and unreality of such a life.

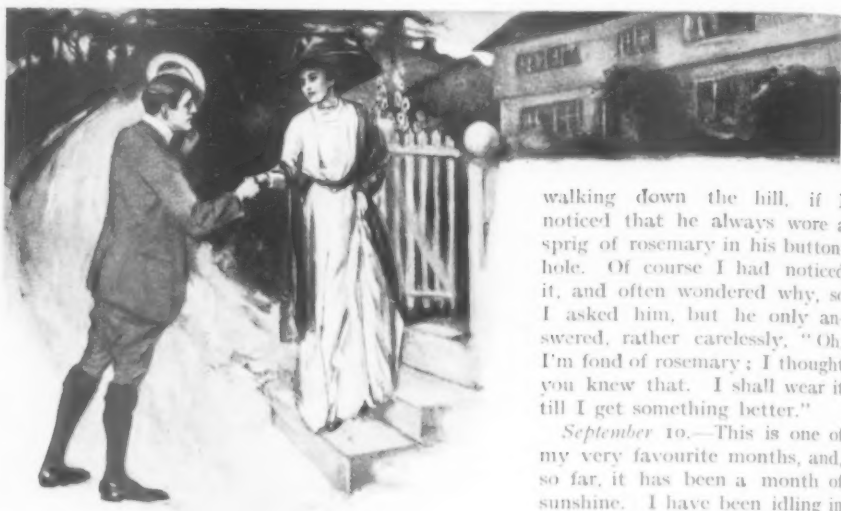
"Now," he said, "I am happier than I have ever been in my life. I have enough for my simple wants, and am able sometimes to afford the luxury of helping others. I have my garden—and you," he added softly, "for I may count on your friendship, mayn't I? And above all," he said reverently, "I have God's peace in my heart, which passeth understanding."

I have always been reserved and shy of talking about what I feel the most deeply, but, as we turned and walked home in the friendly dusk, I found that I could talk easily of those things that had always been the most sacred to me. We had much in common besides the never-failing topic of gardening.

"Thank you so much, Miss Rosemary," he said, as we parted at my gate, "and some day you will let me cross the hedge, won't you?"

I felt suddenly too shy to answer, and was in at my front door before he came up his garden path. A little thrush seemed to sing in my heart that night until I fell asleep.

August 16.—It is a whole month since I have written anything in my diary. I have enjoyed my garden and not done very much



"We parted at my gate."

work during the time. I have a feeling of great satisfaction as I look at my rows of winter vegetables all coming on so nicely. I have peas and beans in abundance for my present wants. In fact, so prolific has the garden been that I have been able to send hampers of vegetables and flowers away to a friend of mine who is a worker in a London slum.

My neighbour and I are great friends now. That first evening walk seemed to draw us near together, and it has not been the last. In fact, it has become a habit on fine evenings to slip out when all our watering and slug-catching is done, and stroll up to the top of the lane together; but he has never crossed through the hedge yet. I don't know why, but I have been too shy to ask him, and he has never mentioned it again. He asked me to-day how I got my potatoes up. I told him a man from the cottage down the road always took them up for me, and made them in a "pie."

He said "Bother the man!" quite impatiently when I told him that, and when I looked surprised he only said: "Well, I'm glad you're not going to attempt that yourself, at any rate."

He asked me the other day, as we were

walking down the hill, if I noticed that he always wore a sprig of rosemary in his button-hole. Of course I had noticed it, and often wondered why, so I asked him, but he only answered, rather carelessly, "Oh, I'm fond of rosemary; I thought you knew that. I shall wear it till I get something better."

September 10.—This is one of my very favourite months, and, so far, it has been a month of sunshine. I have been idling in the garden a good deal with books and work. It has been very quiet, for my neighbour has been away. I have missed our little walks and talks. I think he has come back to-night, for I

heard his door bang after I had lighted the lamp and drawn the curtains.

September 11.—This has been such a wonderful day, and I can hardly realise that I am still ME. Late as it is, I must write it down, and then, perhaps, I shall persuade myself it is really true.

To begin with, it was a dull morning, and it was not till after tea that I felt inclined to go out. Even then I did not want to work, but wandered round the garden, idly cutting a few sweet peas which are still blooming bravely. I saw nothing of my neighbour all day, and was beginning to think I had been mistaken in thinking he had returned, but just as I was about to go in I heard his door bang, and without looking round I felt that he was there at the privet hedge. I am evidently subject to fits of shyness, for I felt as though I dare not turn round to greet him, and went on snipping away at the sweet peas. At last I heard the familiar call, "Miss Rosemary," and then, of course, I had to turn and go to him.

"How long were you going to keep me waiting?" he asked. "You knew I was there," he said positively.

"I was busy," I said, feebly. He looked



different to-night, his eyes were so bright, and his face had a boyish, eager look.

"How have you enjoyed yours-elf?" I asked.

"Why have you hidden yourself away all day?" he demanded, ignoring my question.

"It's been so dull," I answered.

"You've been out working on many a worse day," he said, "and I can see several things in your garden that want doing, even from this side of the hedge."

I nearly said that that was *my* business, but his reference to the hedge made me shy again, and I was glad I hadn't when he said: "You can't think how I've been longing for a glimpse of you; but never mind that now, come along, and let us go up the hill, then we can talk."

I meekly obeyed, went in and put on an extra wrap, and soon we were walking up the lane. It was nearly dark when we reached the top, but the moon was coming up, and it was a much finer night than I had expected. We rested for a moment, as we always did, against the fence on the edge of the wood. Suddenly a trembling seized me again, and I felt like running down the hill and never stopping till I reached the sanctuary of my little home. At the same moment my neighbour turned and stood in front of me.

"Rosemary," he said, "tell me, have you missed me at all?"

"Yes," I answered, swiftly and simply, almost before I knew I had spoken. I felt his eyes trying to read my face in the faint, soft light.

"Tell me more," he said, but I was

tongue-tied again; there was something new and masterful about him that made me afraid and tremulous.

"Let me tell you how I have missed you," he said, when I made no answer. "Every day has seemed like forty-eight hours, and every hour of it flavourless and empty. And, now

"In a moment his arms were round me."

that we are together again, an hour has seemed like a minute."

He had spoken passionately. Then his voice grew very solemn and reverent. "Rosemary," he said, "I can wait no longer. I must tell you I love you. I have asked God to give you to me for my very own. Will you come?"

He took hold of my hand, and at his touch all the fear and all the trembling died away.

"Yes," I said simply, and as I spoke I knew, with a swift, keen joy, that I had entered into a haven of safety and happiness such as I had never dreamed of.

September 13.—The world is made new. I had an appointment with my beloved at the privet hedge for nine o'clock this morning. We stood and looked at each other across it for a moment.

"I shall not come till you ask me," he said; "you have kept me waiting so long."

Then I had to capitulate.

"Will you come over and walk round *my* garden?" I said as carelessly as I could. In a moment he was through the hedge and his arms were round me. How thankful I was for the seclusion of my garden then.

"The first piece of work we do in *our* garden after we are married," he said, boldly, "will be to uproot that privet hedge."



The Religious Outlook in the Canadian West

By DENIS CRANE

Author of "A Vicarious Vagabond," etc.

TO Archdeacon Allen Gray of Edmonton, Alberta, I am indebted for a new definition, if not for the discovery, of a new sect—the "Was-ers."

Edmonton, the seat of the Albertan Government, is, by reason of its administrative importance, its railway facilities, its position as gateway to the famous Peace River district, and its situation in the genial Saskatchewan Valley, the chief social centre of the province. Here the

in Canada they beg to be excused. These gentry the Archdeacon, with a touch of pardonable contempt, dubbed "Was-ers," living embodiments of the past tense.

This detached attitude of certain newcomers was also manifested, he said, in another way—namely, in relation to finance. At home, owing to the system of endowments, the demands on the Anglican's purse for the maintenance and extension of his Church are comparatively small.



THE SKY-PILOT. THE REV. BENJAMIN RALPH, A DOCTOR OF LAWS OF DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, CATCHING HIS "TEAM" BEFORE GOING THE ROUND OF HIS "PARISH."

Archdeacon, who is Rector of All Saints' English Church, has his headquarters in a diocese 450 miles north to south and 250 east to west, with a population rapidly increasing.

He was speaking of the difficulties with which Church work in the Far West is inevitably beset, and described those persons newly arrived in the country who tell with glowing words of the work they did or the offices they held in the Old Land, but flatly decline to honour their obligations in the new. "I was a teacher in the school," say they, or "I was secretary of the Vicar's Bible Class"; but when asked to assume similar duties

He does not acquire the habit of paying in hard cash for every step he takes. Consequently, when he settles in a land where endowments and State aid are unknown he has some difficulty in realising his new obligations. There are, of course, notable exceptions, but lavish givers cannot be numerous among the immigrant class.

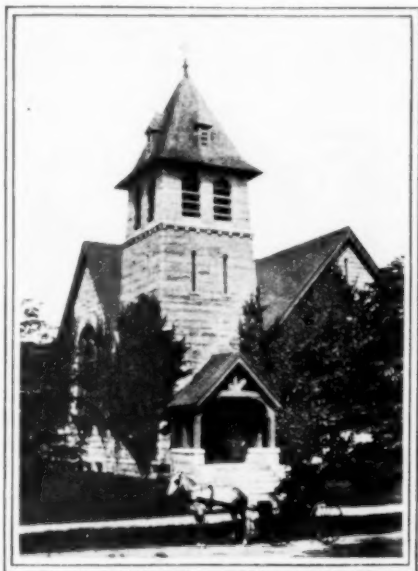
Eager and ready even to the point of sacrifice is the English Church to go up and possess this great land which the vigorous immigration policy of the Dominion Government is fast peopling with strangers from afar. The trouble—which the Archdeacon contends Churchmen at home do not yet understand—is

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN THE CANADIAN WEST

to find the men, and particularly the means, to keep pace with the new nation's growth. During the past year over two thousand miles of railway were projected and five hundred actually built in the Province of Alberta alone. And with the arrival of the locomotive come bands of sturdy settlers forming themselves all along the trail into little colonies that soon become thriving villages, and into villages that soon become mighty towns.

The problem is not made easier by the large proportion of Americans and foreigners, chiefly Scandinavian, among the Colonists. The number of actual members of the English Church in many of the new communities is small—sometimes thirty, sometimes only a dozen. Yet so rapid is the development of the country that these scattered companies of the faithful must not be neglected. It means perpetual travel to minister to their need's, and often the clergyman does not see his own home for days, or even a week, at a time. He drives off in his buggy on a Monday morning, ministers daily to different settlers, and is fortunate if he reaches his family again on Saturday night. But the work is done, and done well.

Thanks to the fund opened by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for the evangelisation of Western Canada, the slender resources of the men in the field are now being augmented by help from



A TYPICAL CANADIAN SUBURBAN CHURCH.

home, while the ranks of the workers themselves are being gradually swelled. It is real pioneer work many of them have to do.

Take, for example, this picture of the first mission house at Entwistle, sixty or seventy miles west of Edmonton. It is a tent with wooden sides, seven feet by ten feet, and contains two beds, one over the other; at the end, a stove, a box for table, two pails, cooking utensils, and food. In bad weather this little structure is breakfast-room, dining-room, parlour, library, and bedroom all in one. Guests, if small enough to gain admission, have for seat the choice of a borrowed stool, the heap of firewood, or a board laid on a pail. In summer, of course, the open-air is available, but even then the conditions vividly recall the romantic makeshifts of the foreign field.

Some of the men engaged in the work were early injured to pioneering. Archdeacon Gray himself, though a native



A TYPICAL CITY CHURCH.

THE QUIVER

of London, was for six years a cowboy in Calgary, while the assistant rector, Canon Webb, who acts as diocesan missionary, came to the country as a lad and tasted the hardships as well as the excitements of Canadian life ere he entered the Church.

Of the other Protestant bodies the largest is the Methodist, which has a membership of over 335,000 out of a total population of upwards of seven millions. Next come the Presbyterians, with 270,000 communicants. Both of these bodies are larger than the English Church, which, while strong in the longer-settled parts of the country, is handicapped in the West by the causes already mentioned.

The Methodists are among the world's best givers, and by their system of weekly contributions train their members to support not only the local church, but also the missionary outpost.

The faith of the Churches in the social and religious future of the country is well exemplified in almost every Western town. Here churches—sometimes, it is true, of more impermanent wooden structure, but also frequently of substantial brick and stone—rise with laudable rapidity.

At Calgary, the commercial centre of Alberta, with a population of 35,000, there are no less than fifty-five places of worship—namely, nine Methodist, seven Roman Catholic, six Anglican, six Presbyterian, six Baptist, six Lutheran, four Christian Scientist, three Plymouth Brethren, two Salvation Army, one Congregational, one Free Catholic, one Unitarian, one Moravian, one Hebrew, and one Mission to the Chinese.

The growth of Methodism in this locality may serve as typical of the energy and enterprise of the disciples of Wesley throughout the West. Seven years ago there were in the province, all told, a hundred preaching places belonging to the denomination, divided into two districts. To-day there are six hundred preaching places, divided into fifteen districts.

The Central Methodist Church in Calgary is the mother of the eight other Methodist churches in the locality. In its pastor, the Rev. G. W. Kerby, B.A., it has a man of singular charm and enthusiasm, who has shown himself keenly alive to the strategic importance of the city

from the Church's point of view. During the summer probably more immigrants pass through Calgary than through any one other city west of Winnipeg. Mr. Kerby lays himself out to catch and impress for good the thousands of young men, many of them away from home for the first time, who are perchance feeling friendless and forlorn in a strange country. On Sundays he entices many of them to his church, which generally has to close its doors in the evening upon numerous late-comers who cannot be accommodated. He has a special meeting for men in the afternoon, with an attendance of several hundreds.

But his chief work among strangers is done during the week, when the church premises are converted into an institute, with gymnasium, reading-room, library, and other recreative features, while a boarding-house register and an employment bureau afford help of a more directly useful kind. During the last year, 35,000 men used these rooms on week-nights alone. The membership of Mr. Kerby's church is one of the largest in the Dominion, numbering well over thirteen hundred.

Regina, the capital of the neighbouring Province of Saskatchewan, affords another example of Church activity. This city is one of the miracles of urban growth for which Canada is famous. In eight years its population has grown from 3,000 to nearly 14,000. Yet it is already known as a city of beautiful churches. Several of these are impressive landmarks, conspicuous for miles. The Presbyterians have an imposing gravestone edifice, with a quaintly embrasured tower. Close by is that of the Methodists, of more commodious structure, with another record membership and the largest Sunday School in the province. The English and the Roman Catholic churches also would be worthy of a city many times its size.

All the larger Churches, while throwing themselves heartily into directly spiritual work, conceive it to be their duty to contribute to the higher education of the people. One of the peculiar difficulties of the prairie provinces is the large proportion of non-English-speaking foreigners among the population, of which about one-third only is British-born. The

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN THE CANADIAN WEST

foreigners are remarkably quick in picking up English, but obviously it must be many years before they can enter equally with the British-born into public and professional life. Consequently, it is from the ranks of the latter that, in the meantime, the doctor, the lawyer, the judge, the Member of Parliament, and other public servants must be chiefly drawn.

Yet, so seriously do the agricultural pursuits—and notably the garnering of the huge crops—of the English-speaking population interfere with the higher education of the farmer's children, that some new type of school supplementary to the ordinary day-school is needed to repair

comers"—that is, young men and women whose schooling has been interrupted, who are too old to mingle with ordinary scholars, but who are, nevertheless, anxious to improve themselves.

The college, which is merely typical of those erected by other Churches in different parts of the country, will, when complete, face one of the handsomest and richest thoroughfares in the city. The cost is over £100,000, towards which the municipality has contributed generously, while by popular vote the ratepayers have decided that the property and any estate it may subsequently own shall be exempt from taxation.



TWO CHURCHES SIDE BY SIDE IN A FARMING TOWNSHIP.

these difficulties and fit the young people for their part in the rapidly unfolding national life.

This school—or college, as it should more properly be called—the Churches in many instances voluntarily supply. At Regina, for example, the Methodists have acquired a magnificent site, facing the new Parliamentary buildings and close to Wascana Lake—whose waters will provide the students with healthful recreation—for the erection of a college, to comprise a business department, a preparatory section for matriculation and arts students, an academy of music, students' residences, and lastly a special department for "all

This project, the reader will be interested to learn, owes its inception to the Rev. Joseph Oliver, who rendered such valuable help to the temperance cause in England two or three years ago. Mr. Oliver was on that occasion presented by a committee of Members of Parliament with a handsome illuminated address in recognition of his services.

The Congregationalists, through their Colonial Missionary Society and by the enterprise of individual Churches in the West itself, are labouring strenuously to win the prairie peoples into fellowship. They, like the rest, are alive to the problems arising from the mixed nationality

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of the settlers. Many, perhaps most, of the foreigners have their own religious organisations, though some are very limited in their range of thought and worship. It takes time for the people of one nationality to associate freely with those of another; but certain unifying influences, such as music, amusements, and popular literature, in which all have a common interest, are taken full advantage of by the missionaries to weld them together not only into one people, but also into the one true faith.

Any account, however brief, of the religious outlook in the West would be sadly incomplete that omitted reference to the Young Men's Christian Association, which, independent of all the Churches, is yet one of their most powerful allies in moulding the national life.

In England the Y.M.C.A. is not perhaps representative of the most virile type of Christianity, though its excellent achievements are freely acknowledged; but out West it is the very prototype of a robust, muscular, aggressive faith. As in England, the movement combines with its distinctly religious propaganda the most attractive and efficient recreational features, and its position as a bureau of information open to all comers and as a source of advice and counsel to strangers, is quite unique.

Its property, which in every city of consequence occupies a commanding position and is of imposing proportions, must in the aggregate amount in value to many millions of dollars. Probably no religious institution in the Dominion obtains from the general public more prompt and generous financial aid. In Winnipeg, for example, with the co-operation of business men, \$350,000 were raised for a new building in eight days. Whatever the founder of this great movement may have thought of its work in England—and he could have had no reason to be anything but proud of it—his soul would be moved to its profoundest depths could he see how it is taking hold of the young Canadian and equipping him physically and morally for his high national destiny.

According to the best judges—those of long experience—the general religious outlook in the Dominion is bright, albeit in the West certain portents are not

altogether favourable to progress, either numerically or spiritually.

Foremost among these is the materialistic spirit born of the overwhelming opportunities of the moment. It is but human, though it may give us pause, that when men have only to be industrious to be successful, and reasonably resourceful to grow rich, spiritual interests should for the time being suffer eclipse. But as the country becomes more thickly populated this condition will gradually moderate and the pulse of life beat less feverishly.

Indeed, as the Bishop of London recently remarked at Halifax, the wonder is that Canadian morality should be so high and Church life so spiritual. Hard as it is to realise, it is nevertheless a fact, that the standard of morality is higher in Canada than in England. Drunkenness is not uncommon among men, especially among the lower European races; but among women it is extremely rare, while such an event as a woman entering a common bar is said to be absolutely unknown. Life and property are everywhere as safe as in this country, and the latest statistics show that, taking the average of the provinces, crime is less common in proportion to the population than it is in England and Wales.

By the leaders of the Churches a great revival, taking the form of a recoil from the prevalent materialistic view of life, is anticipated before the first quarter of the century is past. Those who are selling their souls to buy town-lots will begin to discover that neither bank balances nor real estate can fortify the spirit for its great ordeals, and will turn again to the things that satisfy.

In the meantime, the Church herself is striving to keep abreast of the times in regard to education and the new light it throws on Christian origins. More backward perhaps than we are to accept all that the critics have told us, the Canadian divines are, in the main, preserving an open mind towards textual problems, while feeling that in the present state of the country their first business is to save souls.

In this they are doubtless right, and every Englishman will wish them a clear vision and a stout heart.

The Narrow Way

A Complete Story

By KATE SEATON

(Illustrated by FRED PEGRAM)

I

MARY CULLODEN sat and looked at the cheque in front of her with dazed eyes, then read again the brief, accompanying note of explanation.

An old, long-forgotten debt owing to her father and now discharged to herself, more than ten years after his death.

Fifty pounds! It represented untold wealth to the little woman, whose tiny annuity provided her with only the merest necessities of life.

Having once grasped the delightful fact that this mine of wealth, which had so unexpectedly opened before her, was really her own, she sprang suddenly to her feet, a faint flush of excitement lending an air of youth to her slightly careworn face.

Going swiftly to an oak bookshelf, she took down a little pile of variously coloured papers and booklets issued by different enterprising railway companies and touring agents, and pushing aside her almost untasted breakfast, she spread the alluring programmes on the table before her, leaning over them in a very abandonment of delight.

All her life the quiet woman, whose fate it had been to live in a narrow groove, had had her gentle soul possessed by an intense desire to travel; she, who had been denied the privilege of viewing the beauties even of her own land, had been consumed by a feverish longing to visit other parts of the world.

Not a soul—least of all her father, who earlier in life, when a degree of prosperity had been his, had set out to satisfy his own cravings for travel—had ever suspected the quiet, shy girl, with the gentle, dreamy nature, to be possessed of any such ambitions. And she, with a rare unselfishness, had carefully hidden her own desires, knowing that what sufficed for one to travel would be totally inadequate for both, and so had remained patiently behind.

After her father's death, her small annuity

had proved insufficient to keep on the old home, and she had been compelled to take two small rooms, in keeping with her means.

On the long winter evenings, when books or sewing began to pall on the lonely woman—now quite removed from all the friends of her girlhood—she would take out her little collection of touring programmes and, with a pitiful pretence, would decide on an imaginary tour, which was always to be taken in the coming season.

To-day, with that wonderful cheque smiling up at her from the table, she began once again the old, delightful task—this time with the assurance that the long-coveted opportunity was at last within her reach.

With hands that trembled with excitement, she turned over the leaves of a small booklet; then, with a sigh and a decided little shake of her head, she put aside the alluring prospect of a three months' tour, ending with a month in Imperial Rome. That had been the height of her ambition, the point to which she had soared in her wildest dreams; but fifty pounds—large as the sum had seemed at first—would scarcely suffice for that!

She seized a loose leaflet, and, with a soft little laugh, carefully spread it out in front of her; then, drawing a blank sheet towards her, began scribbling down various items, and added them together with a pleased air of satisfaction.

"Yes," she murmured decidedly, "that will be the one. Two months in lovely Switzerland! That dream at least shall come true!"

Half an hour later, the flush of excitement still on her face, she was hurrying out to make a few necessary purchases for her coming visit to the land of snow-capped mountains and sunshine. Just a quiet evening dress, a tweed costume, and a few blouses would suffice, she decided.

As she ran lightly down the stairs, she heard a harsh complaining voice from behind

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the closed door on the lower landing, and with a shrinking gesture would have hurried on out of reach of the unpleasant sound. But before she had crossed the landing, the door swung suddenly open and a tall, angular woman came quickly out.

"Good morning, Mrs. Marsh," said Mary, with her gentle smile, feeling, in the flush of her own joy, a sudden pity for the woman whose disagreeable manner had alienated the sympathies of those who would have been friendly towards her, and who had made herself so generally disliked by all the occupants of the third-rate boarding house where, like so many others with small means, she had been compelled to take refuge.

"It's quite bright this morning, isn't it?" continued Mary cheerily.

"Humph! Seems pretty grey to me. But perhaps the sky's bluer higher up where your window is, Miss Culloden," retorted Mrs. Marsh sarcastically.

Mary coloured confusedly, as she suddenly remembered that the morning was indeed grey and dismal, the sky dark and overcast. Then she laughed—a shy, embarrassed little laugh.

"Why, of course; how stupid of me!" she said apologetically. "But—you see, I was just planning a holiday—to Switzerland, and must have been thinking of the blue skies there."

She looked wistfully for some sign of kindly interest or congratulation from her companion; but the gloomy expression only deepened on Mrs. Marsh's face, as she ejaculated in an aggrieved voice:

"Well to be some folks! Here you can go off on an expensive holiday like that, while I"—her voice trembled suddenly—"I must just see my child fade before my eyes for want of the fresh sea breezes I can't afford to give her!"

Mary Culloden's face clouded instantly.

"How is Jenny this morning?" she asked, almost guiltily.

"As bad as one would expect, after a wretched night," snapped Mrs. Marsh abruptly.

"Is there anything she could fancy?" began Mary gently. "I am going up to town and could bring—"

"The only thing Jenny fancies is the thing she can't have," interrupted Mrs. Marsh sharply. "But don't let me keep you," she finished pointedly, and turning

back into her room she closed the door with a decided little click.

Mary Culloden half paused; then turned, and, with a little sigh, passed slowly down the remaining flight of stairs, the radiance gone from her face, and in her eyes an expression of perplexity and pain.

The next few days found her busily turning out her old trunks, from whose mysterious depths scraps of rare lace, filmy scarves and other oddments, long forgotten, were unearthed and set aside to augment the modest little wardrobe which was to be used on this wonderful holiday.

But at last her arrangements were completed, and she knelt beside a new dress-basket carefully packing the first layer of things, humming softly to herself over her pleasant task.

Presently she rose and glanced with a smile towards the bed, where lay a pretty evening dress of soft black voile. She had already tried it on, and had blushed with shy pleasure at the sight of the slim, graceful figure, reflected in the narrow wardrobe mirror, and she was looking forward to the time—now so delightfully near—when she would wear it in the quiet Swiss *pension* to which she was going, with all the innocent enjoyment of a young girl.

A sharp rap startled her from her happy reverie, but before she could cross the room Mrs. Marsh opened the door and came hurriedly in.

"Jenny's bad again," she began without preface; then stopped and glanced about her with a quick frown. "I see you are busy," she said more slowly, "so I'd better not trouble you now."

Mary looked pityingly into the tired, worn face, and stepped suddenly forward, as if to hide from the unhappy woman the evidences of her own approaching enjoyment.

"I'm not too busy to do anything for Jenny," she said quickly. "Is there something you were wanting?"

"I was going to ask you if you would get me this prescription made up at the chemist's, if you were going out," returned Mrs. Marsh wearily; "but it doesn't matter."

"Of course I will," responded Mary promptly. "Please give it to me. I shall soon be ready."

With her usual ungracious manner, and without a word of thanks, Mrs. Marsh handed

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her the paper, and with another glance at the open box abruptly left the room.

As the door closed behind her, Mary stooped and hastily closed the lid of her trunk, with what, for her, might have been termed a decidedly vicious movement. Then she turned and, ruthlessly sweeping together the array of pretty blouses and the dress lying on the bed, hastily thrust them into a small wardrobe.

She felt as miserable and guilty as if she had intentionally flaunted her own happiness before another less fortunate than herself, and without delay she set out to fulfil her commission at the nearest chemist's.

When she returned to her own room, after leaving the small bottle of medicine with Mrs. Marsh, she threw off her hat with a gesture of relief; but instead of renewing her delightful occupation, she sat gazing drearily in front of her, her face white and tired—like one who had fought a hard fight and was now experiencing the reaction.

She realised now that the sacrifice she was about to make had raised a beckoning finger to her from the very first. Even on that memorable morning when her newly-acquired riches had made possible the realisation of her long-cherished ambition, she had been conscious of it. The trouble of her neighbour, even then, had cast a shadow over her own radiant sky, and a small voice had whispered to her of another way. But for once, she had deliberately shirked the path of sacrifice; nay, had resolutely shut her eyes to the beckoning hand and her ears to the unwelcome voice, and had wilfully chosen the more alluring path of her own desires.

Now at last she realised that she could not follow it; she could not go gaily off to the sunny, snow-clad mountains and leave poor Jenny languishing here.

A week later, the rooms below Mary Culloden's were silent and empty. Some generously disposed friend had sent an anonymous gift,

which had opened the way for the realisation of the little invalid's greatest desire, and Mrs. Marsh had lost no time in availing herself of the unexpected help.

"I suppose you will be gone soon too, Miss Culloden?" she said, as she wished Mary good-bye. Then, her sympathies enlarged by her own good fortune, she added warmly: "I hope you'll enjoy your holiday. You deserve



"Mary smiled faintly. 'Thanks; I—I think I shall manage to have a happy time'—p. 822.

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to; you are always so kind and thoughtful for others!"

Mary smiled faintly. "Thank; I—I think I shall manage to have a happy time," she said confusedly.

As she turned back into her own room, her eyes caught sight of the little pile of tourist programmes, and her lips quivered a moment tremblingly.

With a quick gesture she thrust them out of sight, behind a thick volume on the bookshelves.

"Perhaps—some time, I'll enjoy some more prospective trips with you," she said whimsically; "but"—with a little catch in her breath—"I'm afraid I couldn't bear it yet."

II

ON one end of a form in St. James's Park sat a tiny boy tightly clasping a white Pomeranian dog in his arms, his young face preternaturally grave and anxious.

At the sight of the forlorn-looking little figure Mary Culloden halted in her walk; then turned and sat down beside him.

The boy's eyes brightened with a friendly gleam in response to her smile.

"What a pretty dog you've got," she ventured, admiringly.

"Yes. Rennie is a beauty, isn't she?" he responded enthusiastically. Then his face clouded again. "But she doesn't like sitting on my knee," he confided, adding, with a disgusted air that sat quaintly upon him, "not likely!"

"Then why not take her for a run?" suggested Mary.

"I daren't. Auntie said I mustn't let her down a minute, 'cause the leash had broke, and"—he shook his curly head dismally—"I'm so tired of waiting here."

"Are you waiting for your auntie?" asked Mary gently.

"Yes; she said she wouldn't be very long, but"—his little mouth quivered threateningly, but with a little gulp he mastered the humiliating emotion and finished with a shaky smile—"she must be buying an awful lot of hats, or else she's forgotten I'm waiting here an' gone home without me."

Mary smiled sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't think she would do that,"

she said reassuringly. But she saw that the fear still lingered in the bright blue eyes.

"I know a grand way to make the time pass quickly," she said guilefully.

"Do you? What?" he asked curiously.

"Telling fairy tales," she said promptly. "Shall I tell you some?"

"That would be just rip—just splendid," he amended, with a polite little air that at once won Mary's susceptible heart. "But—have you time to stop and tell me some?" he added, remembering the plea with which "grown-ups" usually met his demands on their attention.

Mary nodded brightly, and plunged at once into an absorbing adventure, soon making good her boast.

"That isn't in Grimm's," he said, with a long-drawn breath of enjoyment. Then, as she finished, "Please tell me another out of your book."

Mary smilingly began again, but before she could finish the new story, her little friend interrupted her with an exclamation of dismay, as he saw a lady hurrying towards them.

"Do wait a minute, auntie!" he cried excitedly, as she approached. "The giant's just got caught in a great big net, and the little shepherd boy is going to kill him!"

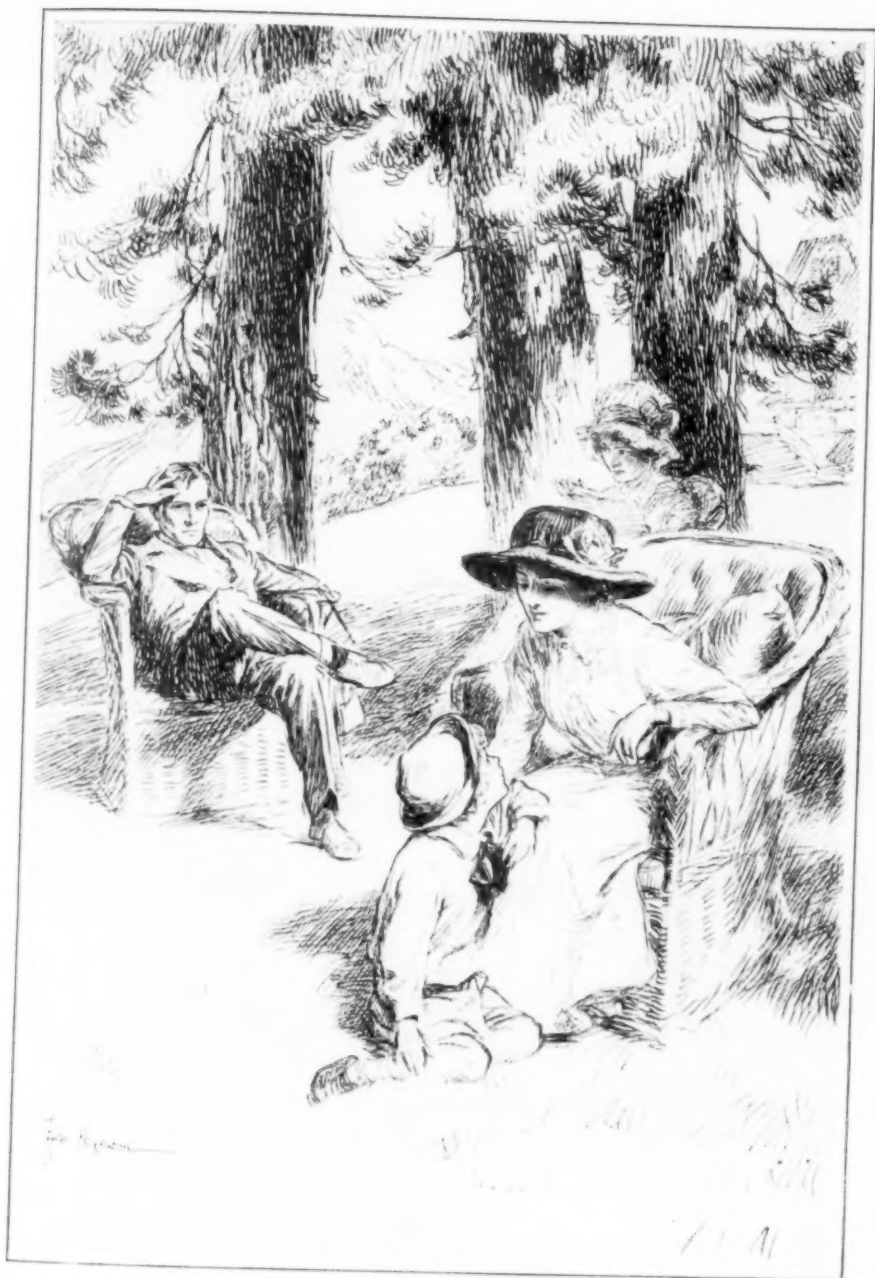
Mary stopped as the lady paused—an amused smile on her face.

"It was very kind of you to entertain my little nephew," she began, but broke off suddenly and extended her hand with a little cry of delight.

"Why, Mary—Mary Culloden! Don't you know me? I'm your old school friend, Beth Maynard! Now Beth Winchester," she added, with a laugh.

Much to her tiny nephew's disgust, the torrent of questions which followed threatened to sweep the story of the giant out of existence, and to deprive him of the delight of hearing how the valiant herdsman had done the same with the terrifying monster.

"I should dearly have loved a few days' visit from you, Mary," said Mrs. Winchester regretfully, "but I'm going out of town to-morrow. Have promised to meet my brother Douglas at Lucerne. You never met him, did you? He's been out in India ten years, but is returning to England for good now, though in rather poor health. He buried his wife seven years ago, when Jackie was born. Jackie was sent to



"And a slumbering suspicion leapt into certainty"—p. 821.

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England to me, and now, after not seeing his little son for nearly seven years, Douglas is so impatient that I've to meet him at Lucerne with him."

"That will be very nice for you," said Mary wistfully.

"Nice? Humph!" retorted her lively friend dubiously. "I don't know about that. Douglas is certainly much better already, but Jackie is rather a handful, and his governess, on whom I had been relying to take him off our hands occasionally, has taken ill at the last moment, and I fear it's too late now to find anyone else suitable."

She smiled down at the eager little face raised protestingly to her own, and shrugged her shoulders.

"He is rather a little pickle, you know," she added ruefully.

"He's just a dear!" returned Mary indignantly.

The boy slipped his hand in hers and smiled triumphantly.

"You are the dear!" he said enthusiastically. "I like you heaps better than Miss Coulson." Then, as a sudden inspiration seized him: "You come with us to Lucerne; then you can tell me more fairy tales."

Mary's face flushed.

"I would—if I were your governess, dear," she answered, with an odd little laugh.

"Mary, do you mean it? I know you were always awfully good-natured and obliging at school." Mrs. Winchester paused and laughed reminiscently. "You helped me out of many a tight corner, there. Dare I ask you to help me out of another? I wanted to spend part of my time in Switzerland with some friends, but, of course, I should not like to leave Douglas in sole charge of Jackie. I—would make it worth your while," she added hesitantly, as Mary seemed undecided.

"Oh, I should accept nothing but my expenses; those I could not afford," said Mary simply. "But I shall be only too delighted to come."

III

BETH WINCHESTER sat in the shade of the trees, apparently absorbed in a book, the scent from the pines above her filling the air with a sweet fragrance.

Opposite her lounged her favourite brother, now fully restored to health; whilst a few yards away sat Mary Culloden, her devoted little admirer sitting at her feet, his eager blue eyes fixed intently on her face as she began another of those delightful stories, of which she seemed to have an unlimited supply stored away in her small brown head.

"Just one more," he pleaded, as Mary paused and seemed about to rise. "The one about the Old Man of the Sea an' the pale Princess."

Mary smiled.

"Are you not tired of that? You have heard it so many times."

He shook his curly head emphatically.

"No; I'd never be tired of that one."

Lowering her voice, so as not to disturb the other two, Mary began once again the story of the transformation of the Old Man of the Sea to a charming young Prince; of his wonderful hairbreadth escapes after leaving his home beneath the green waters, before he reached the cruel building where the pale Princess languished a prisoner, and from which, with the aid of a sympathetic mortal, he effected her release and carried her off to his own beautiful home by the sea, where his kisses soon brought the roses back to the cheeks of the young Princess, and the sight of the white, foamy breakers a new light and glow to her lovely dark eyes.

Jackie listened entranced, as if hearing the enchanting story for the first time; and his father, to whom the story was new—except for the fragments which he had heard from his little son—ceased to wonder at Jackie's infatuation for this special piece of fairy lore, or for the winsome narrator of the same. For there was a strange thrill in Mary Culloden's voice as she told the story, and a warm light in her eyes that moved him with a new emotion and longing.

Beth Winchester, glancing up from her book, was surprised at the look on her brother's face, and the tender expression in his eyes as they rested upon her old school-fellow's face, and a slumbering suspicion leapt into certainty.

In sweet and gracious Mary Culloden, her brother had found one who would not only make his little son—who already adored her—an ideal mother, but also a woman who would be to himself at once a charming companion and wife.

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With a quick intuition Beth rose to her feet.

"Come with me, Jackie. I've promised to take you to see Marjory," she said abruptly. "No, you needn't come, Mary," as her friend made a motion to accompany them. "It's too hot for much exertion this morning. Stay and have a quiet read until we return."

Mary obediently took up a magazine, and with a glance at the recumbent figure close by, began nervously turning over its pages.

"Miss Culloden."

Mary looked up with a start.

"I—I thought you were asleep, Mr. Maynard," she said.

"Asleep?" He smiled whimsically. "I believe I have been—for some time. But I'm wide awake now. It was your fairy tale, I think."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I disturbed you," she answered, with a flush of distress. "But Jackie is so fond of tales, and they keep him quiet."

Maynard had risen, and crossing the small strip of grass which divided them, stood looking down at her.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "I've awakened to the fact that—I need a wife, and—Jackie a mother. You speedily won the love of his young heart, and I realise, at last, that you have won mine also. Will you marry me, dear?—if you can care for a man who has left all his youth behind him."

"You forget that I too am long past my youth," she said quietly. "But I have loved Jackie from the first; while you—" She broke off, but the light in her eyes satisfied him.

"Then you will marry me, dear?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"Here?—or at home, in England?"

"Here?" repeated Mary, startled.

He laughed.

"Yes; why not? You said you thought the little Swiss church up there amongst the pines an ideal one for a wedding, when you witnessed one there last week."

"So I did," she said, laughing softly.

"Then why not have ours there? Then,

if you wish, we could spend the rest of the year abroad."

Mary's eyes shone at the prospect, but she asked doubtfully:

"What will Beth say? And how about Jackie?"

"Beth will be only too pleased to get me off her hands, and to be able to go home in time for her husband's return. And as for Jackie, Miss Coulson will be here to-morrow. Yes"—as Mary's eyes widened with surprise—"she is quite well again now, so I sent for her, as Jackie was absorbing too much of your time."

In the end Douglas Maynard got his way—as he had a habit of doing—and gentle Mary Culloden was married to him in the quiet little Swiss church amongst the mountains.

Two months later, in the golden glow of the setting sun, they sat upon an old stone terrace, looking out over the Eternal City.

Mary had reached the summit of her dreams. The gate of sacrifice had opened for her upon a wider road. She was actually in Rome at last!

"Mary," said her husband, breaking in upon her happy silence, "tell me Jackie's favourite fairy tale once more. I think it must be your favourite too, you tell it so well."

Mary laughed at his request.

"Yes," she said softly. "It is my favourite also, because it is—my own."

"Your own?" he asked. "You mean you invented it?"

"Yes—in a sense," she said slowly. Then, after a slight pause, and another glance round the old city, which lay before them bathed in the evening light, as with all the glamour and romance of the centuries, she interpreted to him the story, passing lightly over her own share in the escape of the pale Princess from the shadows of sickness to the sunshine of health.

"Ah!" she finished reverently, "that is ever our Heavenly Father's way! He gives to us far more than we ever give up in our puny sacrifices for Him. If I had carried out my own desires, as I had planned, I might never have met you."



Personal Power and its Use

By the Rev. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS, M.A.

I BELIEVE that the vast majority of young people cherish the generous ambition that they may live to make their lives a successful contribution to the life of the world. The ambition is not always consciously present; it is from time to time stimulated by the sight of those who have become eminent in learning or in affairs. I can scarcely believe that there are many quite ambitionless boys and girls. Here and there, no doubt, you will find a boy who is apparently without generous ideals; he is usually greasily unwholesome, hates games, is excessively fond of solitude, and wallows in meanness of action and indecency of speech. And you will occasionally find a girl too frowzy or too vain to care about really doing well, and adding to the cheer of the world. But I honestly believe these are the rare and contemptible exceptions, and that the vast majority of young people really wish and hope to be of some use in the world. They probably do not trouble themselves by trying to disentangle the unselfish from the selfish element in this hope, and I am not sure that they greatly need to trouble. Certainly expert moralists have been very sorely puzzled over the question of selfish elements in ambition, and the problem in the abstract may be left in the meantime to them. It is enough that the desire widely exists to make the most of one's life, to be a success, and to do some useful work.

Now, when you watch successful and influential people you perceive that behind their learning or diligence or brain capacity there is an indefinable "something more" which counts most of all in their success. It is common though it is perhaps a loose use of the term to give that indefinable something the name of *personality*. In recent years there has been laid a very heavy emphasis on personality. It seems only a few years since the fashion was to depreciate the influence of personalities in history and to attribute great changes to impersonal forces—climate, economic conditions, laws,

interests, literature, etc.; now the pendulum has swung excessively in the other direction, and current history is read too exclusively in terms of outstanding personalities. And one effect has been to depress a large number of persons who know themselves to be only ordinary human beings. Through loose thinking what is called "personality" has come to be thought of as the mystic gift of a few—the lack of which in those of us who are in the rank and file justifies or excuses our failure, or our remaining inert and anonymous. Now I believe that this is a delusion hostile to generous and unselfish aims, and my purpose here is to combat it as strongly as I can. I believe that the Christian religion is utterly opposed to this discouragement of the "duffer"—of the person conscious of no brilliancy and of no personal magnetism. I believe that under the Christian scheme of life a sufficiency of personal ascendancy (for that is really what we mean by personality, the power to control others) is within the reach of every honest man and woman: that it is not the gift of the few, but the obligation of the many; i.e. it is a power cultivable under moral and spiritual conditions, which it is our duty and our privilege to fulfil.

Personal ascendancy over others assumes one of three forms: First, the ascendancy of the will, which one may call personal *impetus*; second, the ascendancy of feeling, which we know as personal *charm*; third, the ascendancy of intellect, which we usually describe as personal *authority*. Now with regard to each of these I believe it can be shown that a sufficiency of these forms of ascendancy is within the reach of all, and that it is a power obtainable and cultivable under conditions within the reach of all.

I. The Ascendancy of the Will: Personal Impetus

I suppose this is the lowest form in which personal ascendancy appears among men; not that it is in itself necessarily

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base, but that it most readily allies itself with animal forces, and appears to be most dependent on certain bodily states and qualities. It appears to cleave men into two classes, between whom a gulf is fixed—the strong-willed and the weak; and the weak at least feel the cleavage to be permanent. And yet a closer view shows that what one may call personal momentum in the end depends for its strength on the presence of moral qualities and on the fulfilling of moral conditions. Have you ever watched the course of self-assertion and driving power in the men who use that power only for selfish ends? For a time it serves its purpose admirably, and many a weaker man is intimidated and abased before its onset. But every great city is full of men who have over-cultivated this natural gift of pressure on the wills of others, until they suffer from a kind of elephantiasis of the will, making them often unbearable to others, and, more frequently than they are willing to confess, a terror to themselves; their truculence has become an embarrassment and a moral danger even when it is not (as it is in extreme cases) to their friends an intolerable offence. And, further, watch these cases of personal "drive" and see how, when the gift is used exclusively for selfish aims, it is liable to sudden collapse. The fact is widely recognised in fiction, in the innumerable stories, from the "Arabian Nights" to Svengali, which turn on "the breaking of the spell." The psychological fact behind these stories is that a tyrannical will, selfishly used, has at its heart a paralysing weakness and is liable to sudden disaster. But it is not only in fiction that this truth is recognised. Your physician will tell you that egoism unchecked may and often does lead to egomania, and that to full-blown insanity.

I have read somewhere a story of Dean Swift relating to the period when he was lionised by London society. His sullen, tyrannical disposition manifested itself in a cynical indifference to the wishes of those round about him, and his truculence passed for will-power with very many who bowed down to him unhesitatingly. He was accustomed to speak roughly and to order men and women to do his bidding with a peremptoriness to which men, as

a whole, submitted. It is said that one young man (I think a clergyman) who had the honour of being introduced to the Dean resolved to test the strength of the Dean's will-power. When Swift poured out a glass of wine inviting the youth to drink with him, thus conferring what was regarded as a very high honour, the youth suddenly, and to the Dean's amazement, refused; and pushing the glass back and looking the Dean in the eyes, said sternly, "Drink that, sir." Swift hesitated a moment, and then seemed to collapse. In abject obedience, he drank the wine, but never after could look that young man in the face. His will-power, which had terrified all London society, utterly gave way—"the spell was broken."

On the other hand, used for unselfish ends and enlisted in the service of goodness, will-power develops enormously and without any danger of sudden collapse. It is notorious that necessity, especially the necessities of an unescapable responsibility, will give wholly unexpected strength to the will of a weak man; and feats of will-strength have been accomplished under such pressure that have astonished no one more than the performers themselves. But it is in alliance with utterly unselfish and redeeming aims that the most miraculous cases of development of will-power are found. When a "Hallelujah lass" enters a public-house and bends before her gentle strength the wills (such as they are) of the boisterous and brutal men she finds there, the secret of her power is too vaguely described when we say it is "character." It is more; it is a personal momentum, a will-impetus that is directly the result of her unselfishness, her self-forgetfulness, and her drawing on supernatural stores of firmness and power of control. I have personally had the honour of the acquaintance of a Scottish mill-girl who, dedicating her life to mission work, became the practical queen or chieftainess of an untamed savage tribe in West Africa. Naturally not merely shy but timid, she yet acquired such power over these men that on one occasion, when they were returning from a blood-feud, and, heated and excited, demanded to be allowed to drink more than their allotted

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amount of gin (for in working towards the deliverance of her men completely from the power of intoxicating liquor she was keeping their drink-supply under her own control), this timid, frail girl, alone with these men in the forest, threw the shawl which she had round her head, over the gin bottles, and then, quietly sitting down, said, "Touch them now if you dare!" Not a man stirred. This is the kind of will-power which is developed through sheer unselfishness, through loss of consideration for self (the most weakening element in the human disposition), and which has behind it a history of moral choices, made in silence and solitude. For there is a subtle link between the firmness or feebleness of a man's moral choices made in solitude and the firmness and power of the impetus he bears with him when he comes out among his fellow-men.

II. The Ascendancy of Feeling : Personal Charm

If the former was the masculine type, this is the feminine type of ascendancy. It is natural to woman, and women are at their best when employing it; and, therefore, because it is so associated with one sex and with certain persons belonging to that sex, it seems a kind of gift that is inevitable and intransmissible.

And yet a closer view shows that this gift also is amenable to moral conditions. Look at facts like these—that charm dies out unless character supports it, and that its possession calls for the use of character. Graham Balfour says of Robert Louis Stevenson: "He was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in a high degree whose character did not suffer from the possession. A man requires to be of a very sound fibre before he can be entirely himself and keep his heart single, if he carries about with him a talisman to obtain from all men and all women the object of his heart's desire. Both gifts Stevenson possessed, not only the magic charm, but also the strength of character to which it was safely entrusted."

In point of fact, charm (that is, the kind of ascendancy that compels love) is securable in sufficient degree by any woman or man who cares to cultivate

these qualities: First, frankness. A great deal of the absence of charm in many characters, especially those who have been successful in the world and would fain win the esteem of those below them, is due simply to the pompous reticences which many seem to think it necessary to affect to maintain a dignity to which they are naturally unaccustomed. The haughty silences, the pause between the question and the answer intended to give the impression of great intellectual strength, and the habit of "the consideration of many interests"—it is this kind of humbug that robs hosts of men and women successful in learning, business, or society of any interest for their fellows, and makes it impossible to love them. Secondly, gentleness; for charm is essentially the aroma of gentleness. Thirdly, a clean conscience. And, fourthly, an unaffected interest in other people. If a man be in search of charm, not as a gaud to deck himself with, but as a gift to use for unselfish ends, he can have all he needs of it by practising such simple virtues as these.

III. The Ascendancy of the Intellect : Personal Authority

This gift is the greatest ascendancy of all. It is the power of so controlling men as to induce them to accept the interpretation of life which commends itself to us. Now this gift is apparently the most absolutely out of reach of those who are either uneducated or not naturally endowed with exceptional intellectual powers. And yet a closer view reveals the fact that upon the highest things authoritative ascendancy is not a matter of the intellect or of education only. "In the highest matters," says Cardinal Newman, "the origin of intellectual fascination is moral"; and in our day, when the problems of the highest things have been individualised and when authority in the ecclesiastical sense no longer holds the place it once held in the estimate of men, one of the most pathetic sights to be seen is the questioning by *one ordinary person of another* as to the meaning and issues of life. Young people to-day pass by the priests and philosophers and ask *one another* for help on the problems of life, and among their

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associates they choose as counsellors not clever people but men and women of character. It is these who possess authority; and whosoever will pay the price of candour, thoroughness and a sense for the whole round of truth in his thinking, and of reverence, cleanness and loving kindness in his daily life, will find himself to his amazement sought after as a spiritual director on the deepest things of life, even though he be utterly without intellectual eminence or ecclesiastical authority.

Here, then, is a bundle of facts which appear to show that personal ascendancy of the best kinds is a moral affair, securable in sufficient degree if sought for unselfish ends on certain moral and spiritual conditions.

Now what are briefly these conditions? How is one to raise one's personality to the highest power? I can only mention one or two of the conditions.

(1) Need I emphasise the value of retreat? Whatever be the signs to the contrary, it is not the men who live in the whirl of the so-called strenuous life who, at the end of the long day, will be found to have exercised the greatest and most permanent personal influence. For a time there is about such lives a deceptive momentum, but the Waterloo inevitably comes—has come, indeed, with such fatal regularity that we are learning to anticipate it—when we see this kind of drive too forceful and energetic.

(2) Need I remind you how sin depersonalises, how an evil conscience weakens while it hardens, how the consciousness of an unworthy secret paralyses unexpectedly a man's strength? A fundamental condition then of personal power is a white conscience.

(3) But the chief secret of personal power is association with Jesus Christ, and for reasons like these: First, because He is the supreme illustration of a forceful personality employed wholly for unselfish ends. The first impression made by Jesus Christ on an unprejudiced reader of the earliest Gospel, the Gospel of Mark, is the impression of enormous personal impetus, of a masterful personal will. This is quickly succeeded by the impression of personal charm; and both, as the story proceeds, are swallowed up

in the impression of personal authority. Yet all these forms of personal ascendancy are used exclusively for holy ends. But further, in doing this Jesus harmonised the life of joyous self-fulfilment with the life of sacrificial devotion. There is utterly absent from His life that exaggerated self-abnegation which many of His too ascetic followers have affected. He leaves behind the impression not only that He can bestow but that *He himself possessed* "life abundantly"; and, therefore, He is the ideal for all young generous spirits who would fain serve the world, but who feel that there is a legitimate self-love, and a legitimate desire for self-fulfilment. They will find in Jesus Christ no frowning upon their lawful wish to make their life a success while they give it as a contribution to the life of the world. And, finally, because He possessed such qualities as these, Jesus Christ is the supreme Creator of forceful personalities. The areas of history that have meant most for the progress of mankind have been the areas under His control, and these spaces have been characterised as no other spaces of history have been, by the emergence of great personalities—the greatest of all perhaps His own immediate Apostles and followers whom He transformed, sometimes from pallid, sometimes from unsatisfactory human characters into the leaders of mankind and the framers of all that is best in our modern civilisation. It is one of the most blessed paradoxes of history that men have found in bondage to Jesus Christ (a bondage best realised as they have confronted His Cross) the secret of that emancipation of personal power which has made them influential in the world. "Ye are bought with a price," said an Apostle. "Be not the servants of men." In self-prostration before the Crucified men have lost those elements of character which make for weakness and the wells of the life that influences others for good have been filled up. Association with Christ then gives the maximum of power with the minimum of self-consciousness in its use.

Wherefore, stir up the gift that is in thee; for God has not given us a spirit of abjectness; but a spirit of power, and of love, and of control.

Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

THAT there was no further chance of a *tête-à-tête* that afternoon was the result of a strenuous determination on Mrs. Charrington's part. The first sight of the two young people as they crossed the lawn was sufficient to prove that something unusual had taken place, yet the signs of tears on Cynthia's face had been plainly caused by some emotion prior to Stamford's appearance. The anxious mother mind was no less quick than the young man's had been but a few minutes before, in leaping to an explanation of the mystery with, in her case, an important addition thereto. The interview with the Professor was responsible for the tears—the short moments with Stamford Reid in the shaded garden walk, for the glow, the aura of ecstatic happiness which radiated from the girl as she sat silently in her corner, too obviously buried in dreams to take part in the conversation.

Mr. Charrington, with the convenient obtuseness of his sex, was unconscious of anything unusual in the situation, and his cheery, undisturbed manner, his quiet flow of conversation were a godsend to all concerned. Under cover of his sociability his wife had leisure to observe the young people more closely, and her heart sank to see how different was the man's attitude from the girl's.

Here was no shy radiance; no involuntary softening of eye or lip in testimony of an uncontrollable new joy, no wandering of glance towards the beloved object. Pale and set, mechanical in word and action, he had more the appearance of a man under a sudden stroke of fate than of a newly-crowned lover. As soon as politeness would allow, moreover, he rose from his seat, and the expectancy in Cynthia's eyes gave place to puzzled disappointment as he held out his hand in farewell, instead of begging a private interview as she had confidently expected. For a moment she meditated taking matters into her own hands, accompanying him to the door, and pro-

posing another stroll round the garden; but that would be to show an eagerness which was not the woman's part, and while love and pride were still fighting the battle, Mr. Charrington had linked his arm familiarly in that of the young man, and the opportunity was past.

Cynthia flew upstairs to her own room and locked the door against intruders. So much had happened since she had last left its shelter! She looked around with a strange questioning glance, as though when her own life had been so revolutionised, it was impossible that even inanimate things should have retained an unchanged exterior. She caught sight of her own face at a mirror, and turned aside, blushing deeply.

So plainly as that! It was written there for all the world to see—her joy, her pride, her agitation! The betraying eloquence of her aspect first startled, then shamed her, as a swift memory arose of *his* grave looks. Oh! why had he not stayed? Why had he not demanded his right, and added this lovely summer evening to the treasury of life?

Cynthia was rent with disappointment and longing as she contrasted the "might have been," with the lonely, restless evening which stretched ahead. With a shock of dismay she realised that in this supreme moment it was not joy but pain which was predominant in her mind, but pride and love alike forbade that she should blame her lover for the fact. He was shy, he was embarrassed, father had walked him off the moment he rose; he would be suffering now even as she suffered. At home in his rooms he would write; to-morrow morning would bring his letter, to-morrow night he would come himself. There were only a few hours to wait. What were a few hours when blessed certainty was won?

But the morning's post brought no letter; the second and third deliveries were no more fruitful, and Cynthia was fain to invent more explanations to still her aching need. Anxiously reviewing every circumstance it occurred as an inspiration that her own position as a heiress to consider-

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able wealth might weigh upon the susceptibilities of a sensitive man. Stamford Reid, with a salary of a few hundreds a year, might reasonably fear the suspicion of fortune hunting, and dread the ordeal of asking a rich man for his only child. She seized upon the idea with the avidity of one hungry for comfort, and having succeeded in convincing herself of its reality, cast about for a means of reassurance. "He must be shown how little it counts, how gladly I would give it up a hundred times over to be his wife. It's noble and unselfish of him to feel as he does, but it's our happiness that counts—that's the real wealth—he mustn't be allowed to waste that! I'll write; I have the most to give, so it's my place. I'll write and show him how *little* I care."

While Cynthia was thus waiting and wondering, Stamford Reid, on his part, was passing through a period of intensest misery and remorse. For half the night he had paced the floor of his little sitting-room, living over again the events of the afternoon, asking himself with dreary insistence what must be his next step. The sweeping

emotion of that moment in the garden path had died away as swiftly as it arose, and left him cold and chill. He did not love Cynthia Charrington. Despite her beauty, her vivacity, her undoubted charm for most members of his sex, she had for him none of the mystic attraction which binds one soul to another. The momentary emotion which he had felt for her would have been evoked by any other damsel in distress who had looked at him with beautiful eyes in which the tears were momentarily eclipsed by a glad welcome to himself. Flattered vanity; a man's natural tenderness towards beauty in distress; these were the true motives which had prompted poor Cynthia's golden hour! Stamford Reid, the practical, steady-going man, who prided himself on a strict playing of the game, lashed himself with bitter reproaches as he realised the cost of that moment's madness.

"You beautiful, beautiful darling!" and then those suggestively eager words, "Let *me* comfort you!" Would she not think from that, would she not be justified in thinking, that he was offering himself for the post of permanent comforter? And



"The postman handed over two letters from the little pile"—p. 834.

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when he drew back would she not think, would she not be justified in thinking him a contemptible flirt?

Stamford Reid set his lips in grim determination. It was characteristic of his slow but upright nature that he did not flinch from what he believed to be his duty, because of the hardships to be endured. He had done a wrong thing, and must be prepared to suffer for it; but it would be the purest folly to extend that suffering over a lifetime. He had no intention of marrying Cynthia Charrington because he had kissed her in a momentary emotion; he believed that by so doing he would injure her even more than himself, as a woman's life is more completely marred by an unhappy marriage than that of a man. No woman of spirit would wish to be the wife of a man who cared more for a thread of another woman's hair than for her whole being. Pale gold hair lying beneath the shade of a shabby black hat—pale gold coils lying against a slender throat, a pale gold nimbus round a tired-little face! His heart cramped with remembrance. There was no reasoning about it, no logic, no explanation, just the divine mysterious mandate of the heart pointing out one woman from all the rest!

Yes, he would write. It would be a hard task; the hardest he had ever known, but it must be faced. Having made a mistake, his duty was to apologise at the first possible moment.

Hour after hour he struggled over the phrases which should tell the truth in the manner least wounding to Cynthia's pride—sheet after sheet was written and thrown aside in disgust. It was not until lunch hour arrived that with a feeling of desperation he finally dashed off a hurried note, and thrust it in the post with the feeling of one who had finally burnt his boats.

The letter had run as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CHARRINGTON,—I feel that you must be expecting a letter from me to-day, and, indeed, this is only one of many in which I have striven to express my deep regret for my unwarrantable behaviour yesterday. The sight of your distress made me forget everything for the moment but the desire to comfort and help. Forgive me if I say that I guessed what was troubling you, and a recent painful experience of my own made me the more sympathetic. Please don't put

me down as a worthless flirt, but try to believe that I have the greatest respect and admiration for yourself, and that my great hope is that you will still allow me to sign myself,—Your Friend,

"STAMFORD REID."

Poor Stamford! It was not a very brilliant effusion to be the result of so many hours' study. His pen worked as slowly as his brain, but the feeling that the thing was really written and on its way was an immense relief, and he returned to his afternoon duties with the Englishman's dogged determination to go on with his day's work though the sky falls, and his world lies in ruins. Work was a help and a narcotic, but to-day, with the usual contrariety of events, things were unusually slack, and he was free to return home nearly an hour before his usual time.

It was a glorious, sunshiny afternoon, but Stamford had no heart to linger out of doors; with the instinct of a wounded animal he made straight for his lair, seeing in a pipe, a book, and an armchair, his best comforts through an evening which must certainly be one of the most uncomfortable he had had to bear.

What time would she get the note? He did not want to know; shrank from having the hour definitely fixed in his mind, yet with the perverseness which affects us all at such junctures, the question persisted, and seemed to demand an answer, so that passing a postman in the street he seemed forced to settle the debate. If a letter were posted at the Exchange at two o'clock what time would it be delivered at Sefton Park? The man's brisk "Six o'clock, sir," seemed to admit of no doubt; nevertheless, the question was put once again before reaching home, to receive the same prompt, unquestioning reply.

Six o'clock! He tried to picture Cynthia at that hour. What she would be doing, how she would be looking. She must have expected a letter before now, possibly a visit. The remembrance of the startled, incredulous glance as he had bidden her adieu the night before, brought the colour into the young man's cheeks. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and though his heart knew well that this girl had given him her love, his brain refused to put the fact into words; he was careful of her dignity even in his thoughts. The bell would ring, and the letter would be

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handed in, she would receive it with a smile and a blush. The beautiful face rose before him, startlingly vivid and distinct; he slashed savagely at the railings with his stick as he persistently endeavoured to thrust aside the thought of what would come next, her looks—her tears.

It was nearly half-past five o'clock when he reached his Hope Street lodging, and let himself in with a latchkey. The sitting-room lay to the right of the door, a sombre, heavily-furnished apartment from which no amount of air seemed able to banish a heavy and stuffy atmosphere. It was not a particularly cheery room to represent "home" to a man in the heyday of his youth, and this afternoon it looked drearier than usual, as no preparations had yet been made for the evening meal. The table was covered by the ordinary thick green cloth, ornamented by plentiful stains of ink; but on the corner nearest the door one object shone out with startling distinctness—a square white envelope addressed in a girlish hand.

Stamford Reid turned pale as he saw that envelope. A prevision of the truth chilled his blood, and he seated himself on a chair, with a sinking of helpless defeat to read the first love letter which he had ever received.

"I want you to know that I *am* comforted; that the thought that you care, is worth more to me than all the riches on earth. I can feel no trouble when I remember that. I shall be in the garden this afternoon. Won't you come?"

"CYNTHIA."

The black marble clock on the chimney-piece ticked the passing of the slow minutes while Stamford Reid sat motionless, staring at the written words, the sweet, womanly words which to another man would have been as jewels in the crown of life, which, to himself, were as fetters of imprisonment.

He was too late! His hesitation had wasted precious hours and brought disaster. Hard and painful as it was, there had remained a way of escape; now there was none. No man of honour could willingly abandon a girl whom his own indiscretion had encouraged to so candid a declaration of her own love. The consequences which he had brought upon himself he must accept; the self denials which it would inflict, he must bear with a stiff lip; he would be

a cad and a coward to go back upon the girl. If Cynthia Charrington would accept him, she must be his wife.

Stamford raised his heavy eyes to the clock on the mantelpiece, and leaped to his feet. The hands pointed to the half-hour. There was time yet, there must be time. That letter must be stopped!

CHAPTER XIX

"FACING THE MUSIC"

STAMFORD REID seated in a handsome cab driving rapidly in the direction of Sefton Park, makes a character study of an Englishman over which it is worth while to linger for the space of a few moments. Behold him then, twenty-six years of age, blessed with an unusually handsome exterior, an average amount of brains, an utter absence of imagination, a detestation of sentiment, and a serene belief in his own infallibility. Not by any means an unusual, or at first sight a particularly ingratiating character, yet underlying the conceit, the prose, and the obstinacy, lies one great overruling quality which goes far to redeem the whole. Our forefathers used long and devout words to describe this quality, they quoted texts from the Bible, and passages from the celebrated divines. The modern Englishman makes no protestations; never, if he can help it, will he be induced to put his feeling into words; but deep down in his heart lies the determination to be "straight," to "play the game," though death or ruin stand waiting at the goal.

As a result of a moment's madness this young man had placed a girl in a position of indignity; there was only one thing to be done, and that was to fly to her rescue with all possible speed. Until the arrival of Cynthia's letter there had been an honourable way out of the difficulty; but the innocent girlish avowal had blocked that escape, he could not inflict on her the shame of having offered herself unwished!

Not even to his own heart would Stamford admit what was most surely the truth, that at least half of the blame for his impulsiveness was Cynthia's own. The blunder having been made, he was prepared to pay the price; quietly, doggedly, without useless outcry. If he had ever cherished a dream, that dream must be buried deep out of sight; he was awake

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now, and face to face with facts. He must marry Cynthia Charrington and do his level best for her happiness. She must never know—never guess! As he sat bent forward on his seat, his young face was firm and tense, he was "facing the music"—the music of a jarred life!

It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the commonplace young men who walk our city streets would act in the same way as Stamford Reid if they found themselves in the same circumstances, and may we not feel a thrill of pride in the knowledge, and be thankful to know that, if our countrymen are sometimes lacking in surface charm, for true chivalry of act and deed they stand unrivalled among the nations of the world?

When the hansom drew up a few hundred yards away from Mr. Charrington's gate, and a hasty glance at his watch assured Stamford that he had arrived well in advance of his hour, it was relief not regret which was the predominant sensation. He was in time. Cynthia would be saved.

He dismissed the cabman and sauntered slowly up and down until the postman's figure was seen drawing near, when he walked quickly forward and entered the drive leading to Mr. Charrington's house. He had no definite plan as to what he was about to do. Here was another and a less admirable trait of the Englishman in difficulty—the tendency to leave preparation until the last moment, and trust to luck to "muddle through!" In the present instance the "muddling" process was highly successful, and the postman had not a second's hesitation in acceding to the request of the handsome young fellow who accosted him with so natural an air, from the path leading round the side of the house.

"Any letters for Miss Charrington? She is sitting in the garden. I'll take them round."

"Two, sir." The postman handed over two letters from the little pile which he had in his hand, and Stamford Reid strode rapidly forward, choosing an unobserved moment to slip his own missive into his pocket. It was accomplished so swiftly, so easily. The way was clear!

Cynthia was standing awaiting him in almost the same position as that in which he had discovered her the day before. Was it indeed only a single day? It seemed as though years of experience separated him from the careless happiness of that sunny afternoon! This time, however, there were

no tears in the brown eyes, but a shining light of happiness and expectancy. She stood still awaiting his coming, the white lids sinking with a delicious new shyness, but it would be difficult to imagine anything less lover-like than Stamford's greeting:

"I—I met the postman—I brought you a letter," he stammered awkwardly, holding out the remaining envelope towards her. Cynthia cast one careless glance upon it, thrust it hastily into her pocket, and put a tremulous question in return:

"You—did you get mine? I wrote to-day."

"Yes. It was waiting for me this evening. I came straight out." There was a moment's tense, breathless silence, then he slowly took possession of her hand. "You are too good to me, Cynthia—too generous! I have so little to offer you in return. Have you thought of all that it means—are you quite sure that you know your own mind?"

Cynthia gave an upward glance in which disappointment and surprise were equally blended. She had expected a rapturous lover's greeting, and behold here was Stamford cautioning her against herself in almost the same words which the Professor had used twenty-four hours before! She shook her head in emphatic disclaimer.

"Please don't! I told you in my letter that nothing of that sort matters a bit. I shall be only too glad if anything that I have, can help you in any way. I want to be a help."

She looked at him with sweet, love-lit eyes, and Stamford pressed the hand which lay in his, miserably conscious that he was but a sorry lover, yet incapable of feigning an ardour which he did not feel. He would have been thankful to feel even the echo of yesterday's emotion; but such experiences are not to be evoked at will, and his only sensation was one of overwhelming pity—pity for Cynthia, pity for himself, for the whole miserable tangle of their lives.

They stood with linked hands beneath the trees, the man fighting his own battle, the girl struggling against a creeping disappointment. It was not after this sort that she had imagined the great moment of her life; this silent, constrained man was not the lover of her dreams. A flash of memory recalled another face, ardent, love-lit, transformed into glowing youth. She tossed her head as if to shake off an unwelcome



"He stooped and kissed her, gently, seriously, upon the lips"—p. 237.

thought, and aroused by the movement Stamford dropped her hand, and said mechanically:

"I must go into the house—see your parents. I must ask their consent."

"But not—not yet!" exclaimed Cynthia involuntarily. Then somewhat ashamed of her own eagerness, "I have hardly spoken to you yet, and to-day there is so much, so much to be said. We needn't be in such a hurry. They wouldn't expect—"

But Stamford was firm. The situation was so intolerable to him that he longed to end it at any cost.

"We can talk after I have seen them. That's my first duty," he insisted, and Cynthia tried to convince herself that she was fortunate to possess a lover with so strict a sense of honour, the while she waited the result of the important interview.

It was her mother who came upstairs to the boudoir with tears in her eyes, and a very flickering attempt at a smile on her lips. Her heart was torn with anxiety about her child's happiness, but Cynthia had no thought of her mother, she flew forward with one eager insistent question:

"Mother! have you been nice to him? Have you told him that money doesn't matter? He was so nervous about seeing you. Were you—was father kind?"

"Do you think we could be anything but kind to a man you—care for, Cynthia?" asked her mother gently. The pause and the substitution of another word escaped the girl's excited observation, and she continued her eager stream of questions.

"What did he say? What is settled? Where is he? What did he say?"

"He asked us for our permission to your engagement, and we gave it; subject to certain conditions if, Cynthia—darling child, you are sure—quite sure of your own heart!"

Cynthia made a movement of uncontrolled impatience. How often, from how many pairs of lips, was she to hear the repetition of that doubt!

"I am absolutely, *perfectly* certain! I'm going to marry him, mother. Don't—don't try to make any difficulties between us, for it will be no use. I've promised him, and I shall stick to it."

"We are not going to make difficulties,

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Cynthia. We believe he is a good, honourable man; and if he is your choice we shall not interfere, but you are very young, dear, very impetuous. If we consent to any engagement it must be on condition that it is kept an absolute secret for six months to come."

"Mother, how absurd! I call that ridiculous, almost insulting, as if you thought we did not know our own minds! He will be vexed—he will feel it a slight."

"He made no objection. He agreed with us that it was a wise arrangement." Mrs. Charrington's voice took an involuntary dryness of tone as she spoke these last words, but recovering herself sharply she added, "I don't think you need regret keeping your secret to yourselves for a little time, darling. Public notice and remark can do nothing to add to your happiness, and you shall have plenty of opportunities of meeting, and getting to know each other better."

"Is he going to stay, mother? Did you ask him to stay to-night?"

"I think I took that for granted. I was rather surprised when he left last night, for I guessed—*something*! Haven't you anything else to tell me, Cynthia? You were in trouble yesterday. Had—had the Professor—"

"Yes, he had; but *don't* speak of it, mother, please. I want to be happy to-day, and it was dreadful. I feel miserable whenever I think of it."

"You ought to be proud. I am proud. It was a great honour to us all."

The red flew to Mrs. Charrington's face, her lips were tightly compressed. The moment which Cynthia had dreaded had arrived; she felt herself judged, felt the blank disappointment which the silence tried in vain to conceal; impatiently longed for escape.

"Mother, may he come up here? He insisted upon going straight to you, but now you've had your talk and I—I want him! Do send him to me."

Mrs. Charrington turned slowly away. Her heart was heavy with disappointment and wounded love. Cynthia had not even kissed her, had no thought but for herself and her lover. It was natural, perhaps, in these first absorbing moments; but it cut deep, and she thanked God for her good, tender husband with whom she could take refuge in her pain; who would sympathise, who would understand.

Five minutes later Cynthia welcomed her lover at the door of her sanctum, happy in the consciousness that all barriers between them were now removed. He looked pale and grave, but he took her hand in his with a smile, and she leant against him with a happy sigh.

"Now are you satisfied? Now are you content? Do you believe now that they will make no objection?"

"They have been very kind—very generous. I feel very grateful. You understand that it is to be a secret for six months."

"Yes; but it is sure to leak out. We can't be expected to keep apart, and people *will* talk. It's a ridiculous idea, but, of course, if they insist we'll do what we can—" She stopped short, looking at him again with the same shy expectancy in the brown eyes which had been observable in the garden. He had not kissed her once. Surely now, after the parents' consent—she recalled their meeting in the garden the day before; his eager touch, his eager voice: "You beautiful, beautiful darling." Why was he so different to-day—so cold and strange?

"We must be careful not to do anything to make people talk. Is this your boudoir, Cynthia? Show me your treasures! I want to see everything that interests you. We must try to share our interests, mustn't we?"

"Ye-es!" Cynthia's assent was doubtfully given. At that moment she had no interest to bestow on inanimate objects; she wanted to sit beside Stamford, to lean her head on his shoulder, and indulge in that delightful cross-questioning which is the privilege of newly-declared lovers. But he persistently led the way round the room examining the pictures, fingering the ornaments, bending his handsome head to read the names of the books on the shelves, questioning her concerning them, with a persistent cheerfulness which ignored her curt replies.

To the bottom of his soul he was aware of the strangeness of his own behaviour, but the honesty of his nature made it impossible to pretend that which he did not feel. A less honourable man would have played the lover's part, and made the girl happy; but it was beyond the power of Stamford Reid. During that first half-hour he kept the conversation fixed entirely on impersonal topics, and it was only when the dressing bell rang, and Cynthia rose to leave the room, that he ventured a personal reference.

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

"I'm afraid I am a dull fellow, Cynthia. You must be patient with me. You are so bright and clever that I must seem very heavy in hand, but I'll try—I'll try my best to make you happy, dear!"

His voice trembled with earnestness, and Cynthia trembled also. She lifted her face to his, a white face, with wistful brown eyes. He could not withstand the pleading of those eyes. He stooped and kissed her, gently, seriously, upon the lips.

Cynthia turned and walked slowly away, she shut her bedroom door behind her, and leant against the wall, pressing her hands upon her head.

What did it all mean? She was engaged to Stamford Reid, and her heart was aching—dully, despairingly aching as it had never ached before! She had gained what she had believed to be the pinnacle of earthly bliss, and her eyes were smarting with unshed tears.

"*I am like a love-sick boy, Cynthia, dreaming of your eyes—of the little curl behind your ear. You hold my life in those little hands.*" The language of real love had rung too lately in her ears, to be confused with a poor imitation.

CHAPTER XX

A PICNIC ON THE DEE

IT was arranged that Stamford Reid should spend three evenings a week with the Charringtons, and Cynthia tried to convince herself that her own dissatisfaction was shared by her lover.

"Only three evenings! I should like you to come every day!" she declared, whereupon he smiled, and repeated the already familiar declaration: "I'm a dull dog. You'd get precious tired of me if I did."

"Then how shall I feel when—" began Cynthia impetuously, and as hurriedly came to a stop. They glanced at each other in furtive fashion, and made haste to change the conversation, as though each realised a dangerous ground. Stamford took Cynthia's hand and held it lightly between his own. A perfunctory kiss at meeting and parting had so far been his only attempt at a caress, but he seemed to find a certain pleasure in holding her hand, and seeing it stretched out against his own—such a pretty, delicately shaped, white little hand beside his big brown paw—he looked at it now with an admiring smile.

"I mustn't give you a ring until the six months are over. It would be too suggestive. What kind of stones would you like me to get when the time does come?"

"Oh, I don't care—anything *you* like. Not diamonds." Cynthia added those last words in consideration for her lover's pocket. She hoped he had not noticed the disappointment which it had been impossible to hide as he spoke. Of course, she would not have worn a ring on her finger, but it could have hung on a chain round her neck, a precious visible sign of the bond which was only waiting to be publicly acknowledged. There were moments when Cynthia felt sadly in need of some such sign, but her own peace of mind, no less than her loyalty to himself, made it needful to view her lover's conduct through rose-coloured spectacles.

He was a man of intense feeling, hidden beneath deep natural reserve. He was a man with an almost exaggerated sense of honour, who would not allow himself even to *wish* disobedience to parental authority. His quiet, faithful nature was just what was needed as the complement to her own impulsive ardour. Over and over again Cynthia repeated these axioms to herself, and each time ended with a sigh, as of a child wearied by the effort of mastering a hard lesson. When Stamford was present the sigh was quickly followed by a smile, for the patience, the gentleness, the consideration, which had so often been lacking in her conduct to others were almost touchingly lavished upon her silent lover. This evening she tilted her head upward as she sat by him on the sofa, and said tentatively:

"Stamford—don't be shocked!—I think I shall indulge in a big cry before you come some night, and see if—if, when you find me in trouble, you will love me again as you did—that—that afternoon. You have never cared so much since then."

The blood rushed violently to Stamford's face. Cynthia felt a horrified conviction that he thought her bold and unwomanly, but his voice was unusually gentle as he replied:

"You are wrong, Cynthia. I care for you every whit as much as I did—more—for then I did not know how sweet and generous you could be. You must try to take things for granted, dear, and not expect me to be demonstrative. It's not in my—" He hesitated for a moment, and then changed the form of words. "I find it difficult to

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express my feelings. It isn't everyone who has your gift of speech."

"No," Cynthia assented, stifling another sigh. She had heard it said that Englishmen were undemonstrative as lovers, but kind and loyal as husbands. After all, deeds were the great essential, not words. She would be a poor, weak thing if she could not trust Stamford without everlasting protestations. Then suddenly, irrelevantly, she found herself asking a ridiculous question:

"Stamford, do you like—do you admire—the curl behind my ear?"

It was so abrupt a change of conversation that it was little wonder that he looked surprised. But the blank non-comprehension on his face cut like a sword.

"Curl? Ear? You don't wear curls behind your ear."

"It curls itself. The little end that comes loose."

"Oh-h!" He turned his head to examine the ruddy locks, and smiled indulgently.

"I see. I suppose it's difficult to keep such curly hair in order, but I *do* like a tidy head——"

He stretched out his hand as if to push back the gleaming little curl, but Cynthia jerked her head out of his reach with almost startling energy. The realisation of the sentiment which had prompted the movement startled herself in her turn. For the flash of a moment it had seemed that for Stamford to touch that curl would be sacrilege, that it belonged to another, and was too sacred for the touch of light fingers. The impulse had been too strong to be resisted, but she swept it aside and glanced anxiously in Stamford's face, ready to apologise and cajole. Apparently there was no need. The fair, well-cut face showed no trace of offence. He laughed carelessly, and said:

"I beg your pardon. Stupid of me! I'd no business to interfere with your hair."

Cynthia told herself bitterly that she would have no need to repeat the lesson.

(To be continued.)



SHADOW AND SUN

THERE is shadow in the valley-land, and shadow on the hill,

And a murmur as of sadness in the ripple of the rill,

There's a minor in the carol of the song-birds overhead;

Where the sunlight shone in glory, there are darkling clouds instead.

There are souls amid the shadow, in the valley-lands of life,

Whose hope and courage falter in the conflict and the strife,

Whose very faith is wistful, and craves for fuller sight,

Where once it mounted upwards as a bird on pinions light.

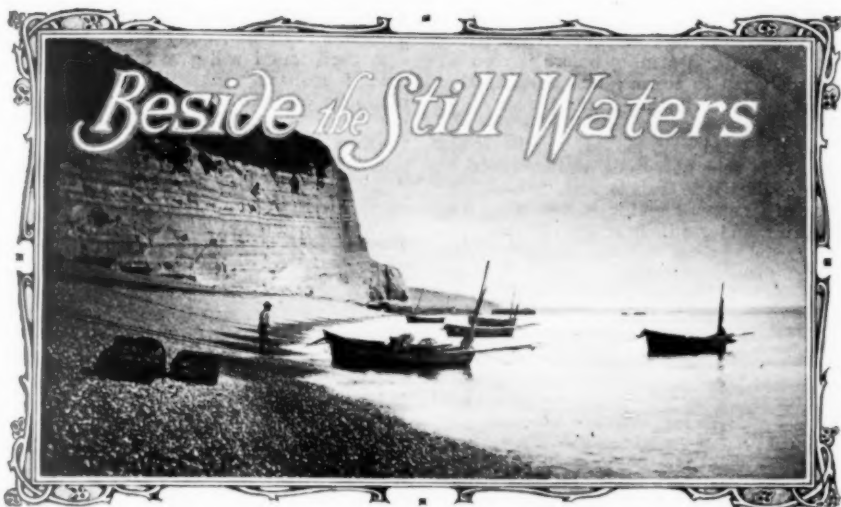
But the Sun of Love is gleaming, tho' earth's shadows fall between,—

Look up, oh, weary-hearted, with a faith which shines serene;

A little while of sadness in the ripple of the rill,

Then—there's sunshine in the valley-land, and sunshine on the hill!

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.



Weeds

"**T**HE weeds in my garden growing,"
I said, "dear Lord, are small;
And I will pull them up before
The shades of night shall fall."

But the morning found me busy,
The afternoon too hot,
And when it came to the evening
Alas! I quite forgot.

So the weeds in my garden growing
Its beauty quickly marred;
And though at last I remembered,
And laboured ever so hard,

To clear them out of my borders,
Ah me! it was too late!
They had overrun my garden,
And made it desolate.

EVELINE YOUNG.

The Life Line

A NIGHT of terror and danger, because of their ignorance, was spent by the crew of a vessel off the coast of New Jersey.

Just before dark a barque was discovered drifting helplessly, and soon struck her bows so that she was made fast on a bar and in momentary danger of going down.

A line was shot over the rigging of the wreck by a life-saving crew, but the sailors did not understand that it was a line connecting them with the shore, that they might seize and escape. All signs failed to make them understand this. So all night the barque lay

with the big waves dashing over it, while the crew, drenched and shivering and terrified, shouted for help.

In the morning they discovered how unnecessarily they had suffered, and how all night there was a line right within reach by which they might have been saved.

This is an illustration of many a soul on life's sea. Tossed and wave-beaten, they cry for mercy. God's answer is immediate. His mercy and grace are ever just within reach; but how often, failing to appreciate that "the Word is nigh us," we spend hours of anxiety and pain, when we might have at once reached out and caught hold of the divine, loving Hand!

His Way

HE had been through a great deal of trouble in his time. Yet to look at his serene old face one might fancy that he had always walked along flower-bordered paths of life. To a friendly, interested questioner who sought the secret of his calm, happy attitude toward all things he replied:

"Well, yes, I've seen hard times and good times, both. I used to worry when things went wrong as much or more than a good many other folks do. But I soon made up my mind that it was foolish to let the hard times spoil the good ones for me, as they would, if I went on that way. Then I set to work to figure it out the other way round. I've tried ever since to make the good times see me over the hard places. It works, too—if you make it work. Just doing the best

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you can when things go wrong ; doing the best you can to right them ; remembering that the sun was shining before it clouded up and began to storm ; and trusting God to make it shine again—that's the way I've managed it."

It was a good way, too, for us all. It has often been said how delightful it would be if we could bottle up the warmth and sunshine of summer and the invigorating cold of winter, and use them in the seasons when they would seem doubly welcome. But though this be impossible in the case of the weather, it is indeed very possible in the things of the spirit. We can train ourselves to remember the pleasant through the unpleasant ; to forget the evil and remember the good ; to maintain triumphant faith in spite of trial ; to secure the happiness and peace that nothing can destroy, and that God will give, if we seek it aright.—CORA S. DAY.

The Wind of the Lord

*THE forest rustles in the breeze,
The Wind of the Lord sweeps
through.*

*The leaves are murmur'ing to the trees,
The Wind of the Lord sighs too.*

*And flowers are nodding their secrets
fair,
The Wind of the Lord speaks true.*

*Wee rills rush purling free from care,
The Wind of the Lord sings new.*

*And only the soul of a man is sad,
Struck dumb, for he knows not yet
The Song of the Wind of the Lord so glad,
As it sweeps and sings and sighs.*

*Sad heart ! list on and hope and love,
Let never thy lone soul fear.
The Lord Who maketh the dumb to sing
He shall make the deaf to hear.*

L. D. B.

The Abiding Companionship

THE other morning I went for a walk up the valley of the Tees ; I went alone ; my path left the home, passed under the shadow of the County School, crossed the recreation grounds, wound in and out among the wide-spreading meadows, now and again coming within sight and sound of the swift, eager river and now veering round and threading the crowded street of the busy market-town, and now narrowing to the little track that led to a new-made grave.

And through all the varying way this evangel possessed my mind, " My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." And then I realised that my walk had been parabolic, and that in all its shifting changes life itself had been portrayed. I had touched life at all its emphases, and the gracious evangel was fitted to all.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

Power of an Ideal

A BEAUTIFUL statue once stood in the market-place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave-girl. It represented the slave as tidy, well dressed, and handsome. A ragged, unkempt, forlorn street child, coming across the statue in her play, stopped and gazed at it in admiration. She was entranced and captivated by it. She gazed long and admiringly. Moved by a sudden impulse, she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day she stopped again before the statue and admired it, and received new inspiration. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties until she was a transformed child.

We Must Pay the Full Price

WE must pay the full price for all we get in the market of life. Take knowledge, culture. Every true-hearted man desires to be intelligent. But there is only one way to win this attainment ; you must pay the full price. Indolence never yet won it. You cannot pick it up. The gold must be dug out of the depths of the rock, dug out grain by grain, dug out, too, by your own hands. It is wealth one cannot get by inheritance as men get farms and money and stocks. It is treasure which no one can give unto us, however willing he might be to do it. We must gather it for ourselves, pick the metal out of the rocks with our own pick. A rich man can get many things by paying for them. Men are glad to work for him to get his gold. But though he were willing to pay out his millions, he cannot get knowledge, intelligence, culture, wisdom, for money. These are treasures which he can make his own only by long, diligent, unwearied study. Nothing less than the full price will buy these attainments.

Think Kindness

IF you cannot do a kind deed, speak a kind word ; if you cannot speak a kind word, think a kind thought.—CANNING.

Spain for Christ

Pastor L. Lopez Rodriguez, of the Figueras Mission, and His Work for Religious Liberty

By GEO. A. LEASK

HOW often, in tracing the development of particular lines of Christian activity, do we find, indeed, that the grain of mustard seed has become a great tree. From such small beginnings has the Figueras Mission, now so firmly established in Northern Spain, developed. The romantic story of its inception and the man who directs it is full of stirring object-lessons in faithfulness to a single-minded aim.

The first chapter in this modern romance opens on a memorable evening in 1868, when a Spanish gentleman asked his wife and two sons to accompany him to a secret Protestant meeting, to be held in Madrid. At that time such an expedition was fraught with peril owing to the revolutionary spirit everywhere manifest, and it was only after much persuasion that the lady accompanied her husband through the dimly lighted streets of the Spanish capital. After ascending a dark staircase, the little party were admitted to a small room, where a few persons were assembled. At the head of the table, on which lay some copies of the Gospel of St. John, sat Don Pedro Castro, a true servant of God. The little meeting had a far-reaching result, for the lady and her two sons were converted. The latter, Don Luis and Don Alexander Lopez Rodriguez, have from that time been faithful and earnest workers for Christ, not only in the Figueras Mission, but on behalf of the Spanish Religious Tract and Book Society, of which the Rev. L. Lopez Rodriguez is the Hon. Director and his brother the Hon. Secretary.

Equally romantic is the story of the origin of the Mission. Mrs. Luis Lopez

Rodriguez was the daughter of an Indian officer, and after leaving school gave herself and her life to all good works, finding congenial occupation in connection with the Y.W.C.A., a Coffee Palace, and in other ways. Miss Murray, as she was then, happened to be visiting the patients in Moorfields Hospital one day, and after speaking sympathetic and helpful words to a Spaniard who was in the ward, asked if he would accept a Spanish Bible. He thanked her, but politely declined, stating that it was a forbidden book to him; and, besides, on the morrow he would be leaving the hospital.

Miss Murray determined to get the Bible for her friend, and after much difficulty procured a copy and sent it to reach him before he left. Señor Previ, for such was his name, duly received it, and at once began to study its sacred pages. Six months later he again met Miss Murray, and announced that he had found "*la vérité*." His conversion soon resulted in definite Christian work, proved by his devoting time after business to distributing Gospels and tracts on board Spanish vessels. He

then resolved to carry the Gospel to Spain, which he did after a period of training at Harley College, accompanied by a fellow-student. For three years Señor Previ laboured devotedly, and founded, with remarkable success, the Figueras Mission. After his lamented death the Rev. L. Lopez Rodriguez became director, and of him to-day it can be truly said that "he is the Mission." Miss Murray, accompanied by her sister and some lady friends, spent two winters in Figueras, devoting herself chiefly to work among women and girls. In 1882 she married, at



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St. John's Church, Notting Hill, the Rev. Luis Lopez Rodriguez, and since that date has been his true helpmeet.

As to the nature of the Mission, we may state that Figueras is in the Province of Gerona, which possesses nearly half a million inhabitants. Situated under the shadow of the Pyrenees, it is within easy reach of France, and has the important Spanish towns of Barcelona and Montserrat not far away. The climate is perfect, and the scenery all around of surpassing beauty. Contrary to the usually accepted view, the people of Northern Spain are hard-working and religious after their own fashion, which is to say, they are very superstitious. The country is full of noble ruins, and everywhere fine historic buildings abound, reminding the visitor of the far-off days of Spain's greatness. For example, as showing how these once historic buildings have been put to modern utilitarian purposes, we may mention that the splendid old monastic palace at Abadia, which is shown in our illustration, is now used by the Figueras Mission as a church. In the great hall on the first floor, no less an exalted personage than our own James II. was married, and many treaties and conventions have been signed and agreed to within its ancient and substantial walls.

The aim of the Mission is the evangelisation of the Province of Gerona by means of itinerating evangelists. Figueras, the headquarters, has a population of 20,000 persons. Services, prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, and day-schools for boys and girls are held in the Mission premises. The Medical Mission has been of untold benefit, two doctors being kept busy. As showing the very up-to-date methods adopted, we may mention that the X-rays department, under the able direction of Pastor Rodriguez's son, who studied in the London Hospital, has been the means of benefiting over 40,000 patients, many bad cases of lupus, cancer, etc., being cured permanently. From Figueras is issued the admirable literature of the Mission, which includes two religious journals—*El Heraldo* in Spanish and *Letters from Spain* in English. The Tract and Book Society has also its headquarters here, and issues, in Spanish, editions of the

religious classics, Testaments, and many other useful books, which are as eagerly read as they are widely published. At each of the following centres throughout the province the Mission has branches, all doing on a somewhat smaller scale what is done from headquarters. These are: Gerona, La Bosbal, Vilabertran, Vilafant, Llansa, Puerto de Llansa, S. Pedro Pescador.

But the *Via Crucis* is not easy, least of all places in Spain. Ten years ago Pastor Rodriguez went about preaching the Gospel, armed with a revolver for personal protection, so bitter were the feelings of the priests against his work. Stones would be thrown down from the hill-side as he drove along the white-ribboned way among the cornfields. If he has not been in "prisons oft," he has at least tasted the inside of a Spanish place of detention once, and the experience is one he has no wish to repeat. His brother, Don Alexander, who nobly seconds his efforts, has been in prison more than once, his offence on one occasion being a statement in *El Heraldo*, the Mission's organ, that the "wafer is not the body of Christ."

Without going into too many details, some of a highly technical legal nature, we may briefly refer to the famous imprisonment of Pastor Rodriguez and some of his workers which aroused all Spain in 1909.

He was charged with breaking the ecclesiastical law of Spain by officiating at the burial of the child of one of the Mission workers. The priest of Aviñoult, where the funeral took place, informed the Bi-hop of the diocese that Pastor Rodriguez, with his brother and the father of the child, had been guilty of burying with Protestant rites a child baptised with Roman Catholic rites. Both parents of the dead child were converted to the Gospel, and abjured the errors of Rome, afterwards joining the Figueras Mission as members. Public feeling ran high, some siding with the Roman Catholic party, others were sympathetic to the Protestants. The Press dealt at great length on the case and the subsequent conviction of the four men, for the Mayor of Aviñoult was dragged into it for having allotted the grave in the cemetery.

The horrors of the prison life in Figueras

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are known only to the prisoners, now happily all restored to health and free men. "But," said Pastor Rodriguez to the writer, "it is impossible to describe my feelings when I entered that ruined, unsanitary building, condemned by the Town Council to be, not thrown down, but burnt." Each prisoner suffered greatly, and some of them will bear the marks of their incarceration throughout their lives.

But it is believed by all who have studied the present condition of Spain that day-break is at hand. The Government are bent on a policy of religious liberty, and great demonstrations have been held in favour of extending freedom of worship.

questions. It is one more instance of the blighting influence when ecclesiastical and civil law are yoked together as in Spain.

The hold of the priests on the more superstitious people is really amazing. A poor woman was left a widow, and the priest informed her that her husband had left him a fowl by will, to be presented annually. The woman, ignorant of any such agreement, came to Pastor Rodriguez, who told her to allow the priest to "call" her at the court three times, this being the legal number of times a defendant is allowed before being arrested. Each "call" costs 12s. to the plaintiff.



SOME OF THE MEMBERS AND CHILDREN ATTACHED TO THE MISSION AT ABADIA, ONCE A MONASTERY.

The conflict between Church and State is growing, and signs are not wanting that the long day of Rome's predominance and arrogance in Sunny Spain is over. With this freedom will come the great opportunity for Spain to evangelise herself. At present no religious meetings of a Protestant character are allowed in the streets, and the penalty for open-air preaching, say for half an hour, is prison. Even the giving away or selling of Gospels in the streets is hardly tolerated, and Pastor Rodriguez informed the writer that before his workers could do this simple act they had to go before nearly half a dozen officials and state what was written in the books and answer many other

so on the third occasion the woman appeared, carrying a very emaciated and small chicken. This she handed over to his reverence, saying that the will did not stipulate for any size as to the fowl. The priest had to submit, and to this day thinks 36s. a stiff price to pay for his fowl.

Spain is a neglected field of missionary labour. With the gradual awakening of its people from their long slumber comes an opportunity for evangelisation never before witnessed. If more interest, and that of a practical nature, were forthcoming on the part of Christian people here, the next decade would see Spain well on the way to full religious liberty and nobler purposes.

The Heir-at-Law

Complete Story

By KATHARINE TYNAN

LADY GAGE had always kept the heir-at-law, Sir Septimus, at a distance. It was a great bitterness to her that she had no son to succeed her, and that the late Sir Simon had tied her up very tightly, giving her only a life-interest in the estate and less money to keep things up with than she altogether liked. Everything went back to the Gages at her death. She had been a devoted wife to Sir Simon. Her devotion suffered no diminution because he had treated her unhandsomely as people thought. No one ever dared suggest the like to Lady Gage. The only sign she showed of fretting under her husband's will for her was the detestation she had for the whole Gage family.

Sir Septimus was the only one of his generation. He had been brought up by his mother in a houseful of maiden aunts.

As might be expected, the mother and aunts had coddled Sir Septimus uncommonly in his up-bringing. He had gone to Eton like all the Gages before him, and had received immediately the nickname of Green Gage. He had done quite creditably at Eton, on the athletic side especially, and he had been held in affectionate regard by his fellows after he had got through his first ragging with great credit to himself. But the famous old school had been able to do nothing for him in the way of looks. Perhaps he had been too much and too long with his aunts. At twenty-five he was rather a ridiculous person to look at. Wispy, tow-coloured hair, a pink face, enormous spectacles, and a taste for broad checks in his wearing apparel.

There had been very little intercourse between him and his aunt. She kept the Gages out of her thoughts as much as possible. She had said of Sir Septimus that he might be a sportsman, but he didn't look it; he might be clever, but he didn't look it; he might be Eton and Christ Church, but he didn't look it; he might be a gentleman, but he looked a bagman.

The bagman was very unkind, for not so

far back in the Gage family there had been a bagman, whereas Lady Gage boasted a glorious descent which accounted for her usually beautiful manners. She would never acknowledge to herself that Sir Simon had dealt hardly with her; therefore she detested his family, while keeping his memory as a thing enskied, ensainted.

The core of the bitterness was for her niece, Clarissa. Clarissa was a charming girl, warmly pale, with beautiful brown eyes and a candid smile. She was as dear to Lady Gage as a daughter, and she loved Rodings more dearly than any Gage could do, seeing that she had been brought up there from babyhood, and that her childish dreams and fancies were woven about the delightful old house and gardens. Rodings is one of the finest black and white houses in England. It stands in a garden where Wolsey used to walk, reading his breviary, when he was not handling State papers. Rodings had come to the Gages by purchase. Oddly enough, as far back as Elizabethan days, it had belonged to a member of the famous family from which Lady Gage derived. In her heart her ladyship always felt that the Gages had only the rights of usurpation at Rodings. The real rights belonged to her and to Clarissa Neville.

The old house was full of beautiful things from top to bottom. For its four or five hundred years of life its owners had delighted in decking its beauty. There it stood, a wonder of line, of simplicity, with its beautiful windows, its criss-cross beams, its gables, looking over one of the fairest valleys in England. No wonder its owners had loved it, and had gathered together things for its decoration as honestly beautiful and simple as itself. The pictures, the tapestry, the china and silver and pewter, the furniture, the *bibelots* of all kinds and traditions were all to go to the Gages when Lady Gage died.

It took every penny almost of the five thousand a year which was Lady Gage's income to keep the place as it ought to be

THE HEIR-AT-LAW

kept. A lesser woman might have let the old house get into dilapidation; in some way or other she might have saved money on it, so that Clarissa should be well provided for. It was not in Lady Gage to do it; it would not have been in Clarissa to accept the sacrifice of the house for her own benefit. The house was very old, and it required constant vigilance to keep its enemies at bay. The damp, the dry-rot, the moth and rust were for ever threatening its ancient beauty. Both women had a passion for Rodings as though it were a living thing. Neither could have borne to profit by its neglect.

While Clarissa was still young, while Lady Gage kept her wonderful vigour, her ladyship did not trouble very much about Clarissa's future. She was a charming girl, and she had brains and heart as well as a quite sufficient share of beauty. She would be sure to marry.

It was when her ladyship began to fail—she was well on in the eighties then, though no one could have believed it—that her anxiety for Clarissa grew acute. Clarissa was now twenty-five and, contrary to everyone's prognostications, she had not married. She had refused several excellent offers, on the ridiculous plea that the young men had no brains. It was quite true. The young men were not interesting in that part of the country, and Clarissa never went far afield; she could not bear to leave Rodings and Lady Gage, though plenty of Lady Gage's old friends would have been willing to chaperon her great-niece through a London season. When Lady Gage suggested at last that Clarissa was too exacting, Clarissa replied that companionship with Lady Gage all her life had not exactly prepared her to suffer fools gladly.

The blow fell quite suddenly in the end. Lady Gage passed away, as was fitting, without any diminution of her energies and activities, quietly in her sleep. Clarissa was inconsolable. Her heart-strings had gathered round and round the wonderful old lady. It was as though she had lost mother and lover and husband and child in one. She was stunned.

Mrs. Mowbray, an old friend of Lady Gage's, came and stayed with Clarissa. Mercifully, during those first days, things had no reality for the girl. People came and went as in a dream. Faces looked at

her through a mist. Things were said to her which sounded as though from a long way off. Sensibility only came back when the funeral was over. She became suddenly aware of the library at Rodings, the garden outside the open oriels smiling in the sun as though nothing at all had happened. Lady Gage's old dog, Dash, was lying by her skirt, his nose stretched on his paws, his eyes watching her miserably. Strange that it should be so bright and sunshiny, that the roses should be coming out, that the birds should be singing, despite the unbelievable calamity that had befallen her.

Mr. Skene, the lawyer, was reading in what seemed to her a voice of dull monotony. There was only one other person present besides herself and Mrs. Mowbray and Mr. Skene, and that was a tall young man, wearing round glasses which gave his face an owl-like, ridiculous look. There were no checks, of course, to-day. He was dressed in solemn blacks. There was something ungainly about him as he sat on the edge of his chair. His eyes were fixed on Clarissa. She was scarcely aware of it, being too much engrossed in her own griefs; but he fidgeted awkwardly, pushed his chair about with a harsh, scraping noise on the polished floor, cleared his throat huskily.

So that was the new master, Clarissa said to herself, and remembered her great-aunt's passion for manners, for the graces of life, which had made her contemptuous of her husband's relations.

"To my dear great-niece, Clarissa Neville, the sum of two thousand pounds. I would wish to have made a better provision for her, but she will understand."

The will was very short. Lady Gage had so little to leave. Pension to some of the old servants, one last gift to a few humble friends. Ah, well, they would miss her. She had always been generous while she lived. Poor darling! Clarissa thought, and tears rushed to her eyes, she had been troubled about the inadequacy of the provision for her girl. Everything went back to the Gages: the lac cabinet in the corner, the Staffordshire cows on the chimney-piece, the candlesticks of Battersea enamel. Her tired mind roamed over the contents of the room. There was hardly a *biblot* of any value contained in the house which did not revert to the Gages. Sir Simon had made heirlooms of everything.

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There was one thing. It was a portrait of Lady Gage as she had been at the age of sixteen, a fair-haired child in a riding-habit, standing by her pony's head. It was one of the very few personal belongings which she could leave as she willed, and she had left it to Clarissa. It was life-size, and took up nearly one wall of the library. Something of a white elephant to the girl who had only two thousand pounds between her and the world, who would have to turn out and earn her bread. Clarissa never thought of it in that light. It was her dearest possession henceforward. She was casting about in her mind for someone who would keep it for her till some day, far ahead, when she might be able to house it herself.

Mr. Skene stood up from the table, shook hands with Clarissa, and went out of the room, talking to Mrs. Mowbray. She sat on, looking down at her fingers in her lap, with that odd feeling of emptiness, of having nothing to do, which had been upon her since Lady Gage's death. A shadow fell between her and the window, shutting out its beautiful prospect of gold and green, heartlessly gay and sweet by contrast with her clouded world. Her hand was taken into another hand. She looked up. Sir Septimus was gazing down at her through his owlish glasses.

"I—I—want you to—to—" he began stammering; then ended up with a rush, "to stay as long as—ever you like. My mother is—an invalid. She—would like to make your acquaintance. Poor—Aunt Mary—" The familiar name on the lips of Sir Septimus Gage struck Clarissa with a sense of incongruity. How Lady Gage would have resented the title, poor darling, if she could only have known!

"You are very kind," she said, looking up at the pink face and the colourless eyes behind the round glasses. "But—"

"Now d-d-on't say you w-w-on't," Sir Septimus interrupted, stammering more than ever in his eagerness. "My m-m-mother begs you to s-s-stay. The house will be k-k-kept up just the same. I've n-n-no use for it. Have anyone you l-l-like to stay with you. An al-al-lowance will be made—"

Impossible not to pity him. His confusion was painful to behold; and he was nearly wringing Clarissa's hand off in his horny clasp. It felt a limp mass of bruised

flesh and bones to her sense when at last he let it go.

She had meant to go away at once—to go up with Mrs. Mowbray to London, and look out for something to do. The genteel professions were overcrowded. There was room for cooks. She had a natural aptitude for cookery. She must have some training, and then seek a situation as a lady-cook.

But the secret of Lady Gage's fine manners had been the fine heart behind them. Her great-niece, who had worshipped her all her days, had inherited the dislike to wound, the desire to make happy. The eyes leaping at her behind the glasses were so painfully anxious. She hardly knew what to say.

"We c-c-cannot turn you out," the young man stuttered. "You really have more r-r-right here than we. Think of it—all your d-d-days—"

"It has been heavenly," said Clarissa, looking up at him with eyes blue as heaven, clean and washed by the tears of the last few days. "Think how lucky I was! Very few girls can have such memories to look back upon. There is nobody left like her."

"Yes, I know. She w-w-wouldn't l-l-let me come near her. It was a sh-sh-shame the way she was t-t-tied up. I am ashamed to profit by it."

"Ah," said Clarissa, "I wish she could hear you."

"And you will st-st-stay?"

In her own heart Clarissa had been saying farewell to the place, every nook and corner of which she loved with a passionate intensity. She had said to herself that it didn't matter now the soul was gone. She was going to tear her love up by the roots. No farewells. She would remember the garden as she had last seen it, walking by *her* side, while she stooped now and again to dig with her cane at a dandelion in the grass or a weed in the path. An immeasurable distance separated that day and this. There was a sea between. The other shore, where she and Gran—she always called her by the tenderer title—had walked together and forecasted the flowers and the fruit harvest, was all bright and shining. On this side there was nothing but the east wind and the rain. The east wind and the rain were in her heart. She understood



"She looked away from him. . . . 'You are too good,' she murmured"—p. 851.

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now Lady Gage's anxiety for her to make other ties. "You should not have all your eggs in one basket, Clary," she had said, on an occasion when Clarissa had sent an eligible young man about his business; "especially when the basket is so old. They might get broken."

All of a sudden the thought that she might stay on at Rodings for a while longer was like a vision of green pastures and cool waters. Turning her back on it had been like turning her back on the old life—for she would not come again. She would never come back to *her* house without her, given over to the Gages.

Her eyes suddenly swam in tears.

"I should like to stay," she said, in a voice of humbleness amazing to her own ears. She wondered if it was a disloyalty to *her* to be so ready to capitulate to the enemy. Surely *she* would understand. Rodings had never been so dear as in this hour of loss. Heavens! to think that she might stay a little longer, in the dim, richly coloured rooms, redolent of *her* dear presence, in the gardens she loved, amid the familiar faces she had known all her days. It was like resting her grief as on a bed. It was a respite *she* dearly needed. She had not known herself till now how terrible it would have been to go.

"As l-l-long as you w-w-will," he said, wringing her hands till the bones cracked. "Mr. Skene will ar-r-range things. You are not to th-think about anything. Go on as if she w-w-were still here."

With a final pressure of her hand he bolted out of the room, leaving her with an impression of a kind, ogreish person whom she could never detest again, try as she might.

She slipped away into the garden and sat down on a favourite seat of *hers*, just under the clipped yew hedge which overlooked the park outside, where the Alderneys were feeding. She had never thought to sit there again. Upstairs there were her trunks, still half-packed, all her little knick-knacks put away, empty and bare and desolate, with a sense of desolation and flight upon all. She would put everything back again. For a blessed few weeks she might bask in the rest and peace of the place for which she had a passion. From the time of her babyhood, as far back as she could look to the first stirring of intelligence, she had had

an unchildlike passion for Rodings and for Lady Gage. She had been about to lose one after the other. Now she had a respite. For a few wonderful weeks of a wonderful summer—no one remembered such a May and June—she could keep Rodings still.

Mrs. Mowbray found her where she sat on the seat under the yew hedge an hour later.

"My dear Clary," she said, "Sir Septimus has told me that you will stay on for a time. I am so glad. Of course, you were welcome to the hospitality of my little flat as long as you would stay; but Fulham is noisy and dusty in summer. I confess I did not like to think of you there—after this. And I should have had to leave you. My grandson, Larry, will have me every August."

"They have gone?" Clarissa asked, without looking at her.

"Yes, they have gone. We have been talking over your affairs. Sir Septimus has behaved most handsomely. Everything is to remain unchanged, so far as he can ensure it. The servants are to be kept on. I'm very glad of that; it would have been a dreadful change for them. I suppose he has some plans for later on. If so, he has kept them to himself. He expressed a hope that you would regard everything—the servants, the horses and carriages, everything—as your own. I must say, I think it very considerate of him."

"*She* would say it was very kind," said Clarissa, with an odd little spasm of her lips. "Kind" had been the word most often in Lady Gage's mouth.

Mrs. Mowbray brought out her next words with some embarrassment.

"My dear," she said, "I'm afraid I shall have to leave you this evening. As a matter of fact, my daughter, Marcella—my youngest daughter—wants me most particularly just now. I thought I should have had just time to put you into possession of the flat. You are not a girl who can't be left alone. And I should have hurried back as soon as possible. Marcella's event will be over, I hope, by next week. Still, I am happier to think of you here than at Fulham. You will not fret—"

"Oh, no, I shall not fret." All of a sudden Fulham seemed terribly arid; a desert place to Clarissa's sick eyes. How *could* she have endured it? There swam before her a vision of the toppling, hideous, red-

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brick buildings, abutting on the railway line, the arid summer heat, the smells of fried fish, of indescribable things, the dust, the glare. She could have wept with joy to think that she had a respite—that she was not to give up Rodings just yet.

Mrs. Mowbray gone, her life fell back into placid grooves. The first anguish of longing for the beloved presence passed away and was replaced by a sense of Lady Gage's actual presence in the places she had loved so well. It was a part of the dead woman's dominant personality that the sense of her presence did not pass with her death.

Clarissa would take a basket of the choicest blooms of the garden and greenhouse every morning, and lay them on Granny's grave as she had been used while she lived to bring her fresh flowers of mornings. When she came back there was a sense of her presence in the house. She would look up from what she was doing with an expectation of finding the shrewd, bright old eyes watching her. She would speak sometimes as though Lady Gage was actually present. Nor was there the blank disappointment that follows a delusion. She had an actual sense of a beloved presence solacing her grief, her loneliness. No one could say she was morbid. It was a loneliness that was full of peace. Through the months of the memorably beautiful summer she lived as though Lady Gage were still with her. She read, she wrote letters, she attended to the flowers, she walked, she drove, she visited the poor, she looked after the animals. She was conscious of a strange happiness. She said to herself that it was a Truce of God before she must venture out into a world of which she grew daily more afraid.

The servants, the poor people in their cottages dotted about the common, seemed to accept her staying as a fixed thing. Sometimes when they referred to the future—to next winter, next spring, next summer, including her in their plans—she was obliged to say to them that she would have left Rodings by then.

"Where would ye be goin' to, Miss Clary?" old Jenkins, the coachman, asked her on one such occasion. "Her ladyship wouldn't like it—she wouldn't, indeed—to have ye trapesin' about the world by yersel'."

She heard sometimes of Sir Septimus Gage, though he never intruded on her. He was no *roi fainéant*. He had taken up the business of the estate and had visited the place several times during the summer. The people talked to Clarissa about him, praising him. Sometimes the praise hurt her. He was doing more for the tenants than she had been able to do, because of her limitations in the matter of money. There was an implied suggestion underlying their praises that the new times were better than the old, which often sent Clarissa scurrying away, wounded and angry. Of course, it was the way of the world, she reminded herself, and wrung no consolation out of that indisputable fact.

Once she caught sight of an absurd figure which must be the new master's. There was the chess-board pattern of the Norfolk suit, the angular figure, striding through the turnips a field ahead of her. He had taken up Gold Gable Farm himself, and was farming it assiduously with the aid of a bailiff. During his flying visits he made his headquarters at the farm-house, where he had a sitting-room and a bedroom, the rest of the house being given up to the bailiff's family.

"Depend on it, my dear," said Mrs. Mainwaring, the vicar's wife, who had come up with Clarissa, as the odd figure disappeared over the brow of the hill, "Sir Septimus means to settle at Rodings. And a very good thing for the place to have a resident squire. He has been so generous to the charities. We need not fear next winter with him at our backs."

Mrs. Mainwaring had the reputation of considering things only as they affected herself. She was too much engrossed in her subject to notice how Clarissa winced before the recital of all the things Sir Septimus Gage had done and might be expected to do for the church and the people.

"Dear Lady Gage was the soul of goodness," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "but, after all, she hadn't the money."

She went back to tell the Reverend Hildebrand that Clarissa Neville was growing so odd and abrupt in her ways, and that really the lonely, idle life at Rodings couldn't be good for her.

Clarissa meanwhile had walked quickly homewards, seeing nothing of the golden glory of the September landscape. She had

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had a rude shock and a rude awakening. What had she been about to have gone on staying at Rodings all these weeks and months? Her senses had been asleep or she could never have done it. Now, she must go at once. She called herself all manner of harsh, undeserved names. She had been idle and a parasite too long. She must go at once. She wished now she had not stayed to have her old wounds torn open and bleeding once again. She was leaving *her*. That was the dreadful thing. There would be no beneficent presence for her in the dreariness of London.

By a curious coincidence there was a letter from Mrs. Mowbray awaiting her. She had come back at last from her exigent grandchildren. If Clary was likely to be up in town the hospitality of the flat was hers.

It was about half-past five of the afternoon. The long shadows of the trees lay on the grass outside the windows. The day had been hot, but now there was a feeling of dewy freshness in the air. The thrushes were singing their autumn songs as though they knew they had not much longer to sing. There was a sense of refreshment upon the languid late roses, a prevision of the great dews that would presently drench the garden.

She began to pack hastily. Some of her trunks had remained packed since June. She had known that it was only a respite. It was too late to go this evening. She wished it had not been too late.

Half-way through her packing a sudden thought struck her and she stopped. She could go by an early train in the morning. She must tell the servants about it.

She ran downstairs, and was about to ring the bell, when she remembered that it was the hour for the servants' tea. She had learnt from *her* example to be considerate—over-considerate, some people thought. She would not disturb them.

She went out into the garden, old Dash following her. It lay in its green peace and quietness, full of the evening shadows and the evening songs. So she would remember it. She walked down the grassy way, between the herbaceous borders, overhanging by the espaliered apple-trees, past the beehives, by the stone tank filled with goldfish. She would not see them again. She was saying a passionate farewell to them in her heart.

She turned in at the gate in the wall of the kitchen-garden, and went down between the hedges of sweet peas. The rooks were going home across a sky of delicate pale light. Around her were the country silence and the country sounds. The village was very quiet. The barking of distant dogs, the lowing of cattle, and the cawing of the rooks only served to make the silence more profound.

Suddenly, by a bush of sweetbrier, she stopped and covered her face with her hands. She had remembered. Here they had stood to smell the bush that very last day. She felt as though the angel with the flaming sword was driving her out of Paradise.

There was a sound close at hand. She uncovered her wet eyes and looked up. Sir Septimus Gage was standing by her, looking down at her with an embarrassed, pitiful gaze. There was something very kind about his expression. She noticed for the first time—of course, she had not had many opportunities—that he was very like Sir Simon. *She* had worshipped her husband. Her life had been a shrine consecrated to his memory. People had smiled about it, saying that he had never been good enough for her, that she invested him with her own greatness of heart and soul. Yet she had been singularly clear-sighted, not given to illusions. If she could have seen that likeness would she have held Sir Septimus at such a distance?

She thought, gulping down her ashamed tears, that Sir Simon and Sir Septimus explained each other. Sir Simon had never had any looks. The portrait of him by Richmond represented an older, more opinionated Sir Septimus. And *she* had been romantically in love with the man she had married.

"I've k-k-kept away, haven't I?" he said. "I've le-le-let you alone. You don't know how much I've wanted to come."

What on earth was he saying? Of course, he was so shy, so embarrassed, that he didn't know, himself. He was more pink than ever, his hair wilder. But his eyes beamed at her with a tender kindness behind the disfiguring glasses. They were good eyes, handsome eyes, and a transparent honesty shone at her from his simple face.

"I am leaving to-morrow," she said,

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looking down. She wished she could get rid of her tears more easily. "It has done me so much good, the summer here. I can never be grateful enough for your kindness. I am going to—to—train for a lady-cook." She had a sense of something ridiculous about the statement. "I really have a natural aptitude for cooking. Granny used to say——" She broke off suddenly. "I've been saying good-bye to all these dear things."

"Don't," said Sir Septimus suddenly. "Stay, darling!" He had quite forgotten to stutter. "Don't you think she'd be pleased—Aunt Mary I mean? She never gave me a chance. I admired her immensely. She didn't like me. Why should she? If you'll only forget that I look such an awful fool. Oh, darling, I've an awful cheek, haven't I? Of course, you couldn't just yet. But perhaps you might think of it later on. I shan't bother you. Just stay on as you've been doing."

She looked away from him. He was simply mangling her hands. He was really well built, well set-up. If it wasn't for the glasses and those awful checks! What matter, seeing that he was kind and honest and a gentleman? All the beloved things seemed to be giving them lives back to her. And—there was the beloved presence she need not lose in that dreadful London dust-heap.

"You are too good," she murmured.

"You don't mean that you might—some day?" he said, beginning to stammer again.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "How can I tell yet? I ought to go away. I must go away and let you come into your house."

"Your house," he said, and fell to kissing her hands. "You have far more right in it than I have. I am a stranger here. Everything—everyone knows you. Will you stay?"

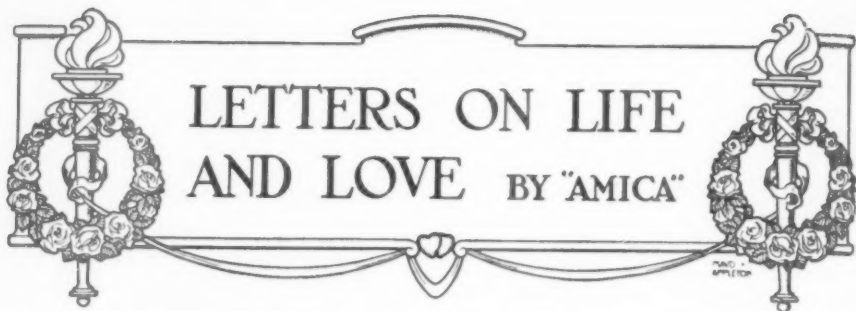
"Yes, I will stay," she answered.

IN MEMORY OF BARRY

(A dog of the St. Bernard Monastery, who perished in an avalanche whilst attempting to find some travellers who were lost)

UNSWERVING in his duty to the end,
Valiant as heroes in the days of old,
He braved the driving gale and piercing cold
To render succour to some human friend:
What though the night was dark? A wish to save
The lives of travellers, weary-worn and spent,
Inspired his work, as eagerly he went;
Much he achieved, but found, himself, a grave.
"Only a dog," yet, with his latest breath,
He strove and toiled—the world is poorer now;
His was (and to its memory we bow)
A sacrificing life and noble death!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.



10.—To a Mother whose only Son has Entered on a Matrimonial Engagement

MY DEAR ANNE,—A man is entitled to marry when the conditions, financial and other, of his existence enable him to do so; the selection he makes will be the test of all lessons, conscious and unconscious, you and circumstances have taught him.

The union between a widowed mother and her only son is, she being a good and gentle woman, probably the tenderest in the world, the one which costs most heart pangs at the unloosing. Being brave, you will regard your pain reasonably, and will not make of a natural calamity, by dwelling on desirable possibilities which have never shown any evidence of becoming facts.

I agree with you that a charming fellow like Harold ought to have married very well, in these days when men are at a premium, but to dwell on lost opportunities, when they are lost, is not comforting; it is actualities you have to deal with, and wisdom makes the best of these.

I admit that the girl, being without what we call family connections, and without money, is not what is usually deemed a desirable bride for a highly educated young man just entering on professional life. I understand that one of your pangs may be caused by your diminished faith in his good judgment, and that the thought of a restricted future for him casts a shadow across your firmament. I freely concede that a man apparently fitted for a brilliant career is not wise to burden himself at the outset with a wife who can contribute nothing but affection to the new establishment, but, dear, I happen to think that in-

telligent affection is the rarest and richest of jewels.

There are two kinds of consolation I can offer you: the first is that, as you have not been imprudent enough to forbid the banns, and so to precipitate a marriage, nothing irrevocable has happened as yet; second that, if you set aside your dreams of Harold's magnificent possibilities, cease to regard the girl as an inert obstruction to his progress towards the woosack, and think of the pair as inexperienced but well-meaning young creatures who believe they have done something novel and romantic in exchanging declarations of affection, it will enable you to see facts in due perspective and to consider them reasonably.

Remember that a man's horizon is never as wide, albeit nebulous, as when he has just expressed his feelings of first love; that the girl, in reciprocating, has marvellously increased his rather pathetic self-importance, and that, when parents intervene at this juncture to treat him as a child, to express their decrees regarding his conduct, to command him to give the girl up, and see her no more, they inevitably hasten the arrival of what they dread. The parents are, perhaps, at a distance, the girl is close at hand, the lovers naturally make common cause against what they call injustice, and immediate marriage presents itself to them as a climax precluding all subsequent discussion of each between the other, and any third person.

It is strange how many people, old enough to know better, will encourage a marriage of disobedience; some primeval

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instinct leads the uneducated of all classes to encourage prohibited marriages; old servants, supposed faithful, will further clandestine love affairs for their employers' children, and will carry secret letters and conceal forbidden interviews. And popular fiction as well as popular drama always represents the stern parents as being in the wrong, and only waiting for a sentimental occasion to arise that they may say "Bless you, my children."

For myself, I have no sympathy with this second-hand tushery, but I can find excuse for the disobedient pair in that Nature is on the side of early wedlock, and that sophisticated art continues to pronounce it noble.

My first point is that your boy is not married yet, and it does not inevitably follow that marriage will result in this instance. What you must do is to assent to the engagement, and invite the girl to come and pay you a visit. Nothing is as effectual in preventing an unsuitable marriage as to allow the young people opportunities to see each other under ordinary conditions. A secret engagement will often thrive in a discouraging atmosphere because the secrecy is a sustaining detail; an acknowledged engagement is in another category.

There is nothing Machiavellian in the suggestion to bring the girl into the environment she may have to occupy later, your son's happiness is very important, and marriage is the most serious of all undertakings; if the young people have

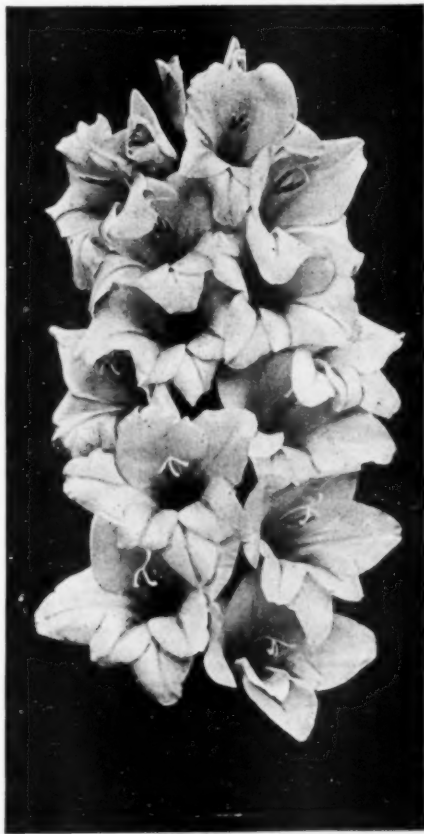
made a mistake it is better to rectify it while there is time.

On the other hand, you may find the girl very desirable on close acquaintance; she may have qualities of person and character that will more than compensate for her lack of funds, and of family influence. In that case be thankful; nothing is so important for domestic happiness as a good disposition, an intelligent mind, an amiable temper.

As a matter of fact, marriage ought not to envisage the approval of outsiders. When people marry for sensation, to impress the community, to astonish their friends, to cut a figure, it usually means the beginning of sorrows. It is like selling one's liberty for a decoration which, growing shabby in wear, has no value or significance behind it.

If you approve of the girl when you know her, then let them marry soon, provided there is any financial certainty on which to establish their little home. In accepting a man's responsibilities, the boy will adopt a man's views, and these have a steady influence. I do not say his upward flight will be as picturesque as if he had no weight on his wings, but what it will lack in compass it will gain in directness.

Happiness is a matter of the mind, not of circumstances; much that we acquire in our prosperity is really a responsibility—we load up with possessions, then with servants to take care of these for us. "Getting and spending, we lay waste our lives."



A BEAUTIFUL BUNCH OF GLADIOLI.

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If your young people can be satisfied to live in an inexpensive neighbourhood, to dress simply, to stand aloof from costly social intercourse, it will be all the better for Harold's work. Distractions are permissible, perhaps desirable for those who have achieved; to beginners they are a decided handicap.

Apparent poverty is a hindrance, but your young people need not anticipate the broken boots stage, though even that did not render Abraham Lincoln and many another good man ineffectual.

The world needs workers, needs people who understand their business, and are able and willing to do it. If a man is master of his craft, and finds an opportunity, even one, of proving that, he will not fail to get his chance. Do not think the community, needing a man to set out a law case, or drive an engine, or mend a motor, will ask whether the candidate is married well or ill, or if he is married at all.

In the matrimonial tandem, each can help the other's progress, can render the other's conditions of life so happy that inspiration, courage, and successful effort will result, or so miserable that nothing will seem to matter, and energy itself will perish.

If two young people love each other, understand mutually how much self-denial, how much work, and how much forbearance their union will entail, and

are eager to take the risk, then I do not think those who love them need fear to see them embark for the long voyage. Remember it is they who will have to make it, not their well-wishers, or their enemies. All we can do is to store the ship, see that the chart is correct, and their destination well defined, and then fill their sails with the breath of good wishes. They will have their difficulties, will encounter storms and cross currents, will sight a bountiful land sometimes, and will find it a mirage, but youth has courage to face obstacles, and often strength to make helps of hindrances.

We have each been set to sail the sea of life without being consulted, the only thing incumbent on us is to make what progress we can, whether we are drifting in halcyon seas, or scudding under bare poles in the teeth of a storm. After all, it is not the cargo that matters as much as the souls on board. We can set our helm and unfurl our sails, but the gales and the currents are beyond our control, and another than ourselves determines in what port we shall cast anchor.

Let us not be concerned overmuch for what is material in our own lot or another's. If we are honest and kind, I am not without some confidence that happiness is attainable.

Yours as ever,

AMICA.

FOR GIRLS

IF photography is an expensive hobby, it becomes twice as costly when the elated amateur begins to "enlarge" his work: that is, if he adopt the methods most generally followed. There are other and cheaper methods, nevertheless; and perhaps the simplest of these is described by Gladys Beattie Crozier under the title "How to Enlarge Holiday Snapshots," in the July "Girl's Realm." Another very novel feature of this number is a paper on "Shadow Work," a branch of needlework little known, but as effective as and far less formidable than appliqué, "How to Make a Summer Dress" and "The 'Griffin' Crochet Insertion" are two attractive home articles; while Evelyn Sharp's short story, "Susan the Indispensable," and a stirring instalment of Anna Tremayne Lark's romance, "Fugitive Flame," are outstanding items in a strong body of fiction.



"THE COUNTRY'S SWEET SIMPLICITY."—HERRICK.

The Still Small Voice

A Complete Story

By A. C. INCHBOLD

THE shadow of the cathedral fell across the Minster Pool, throwing into obscurity the figures of a man and woman who had paused in their walk by the water edge. The woman had scarcely outgrown girlhood, judging from the slim grace of her figure. She stood looking into the Pool with a troubled, intent gaze, her hands strained tightly together, her whole attitude suggestive of a weighing in the balance of some momentous decision.

The man watching her closely was many years her senior. He was of dark, well set-up appearance. An expression of audacity stamped upon his handsome face was overcast for the moment by suspense.

At last the strained clasp of the girl's hands relaxed. She turned and spoke to the man in a low voice.

"I will be there," she said, a burning flush dyeing her cheeks, then fading to pallor, while her blue eyes fluttered everywhere except in the face of her companion.

He drew a deep, long breath, and threw out his arms as if to snatch her to his heart.

"No! No!" she whispered nervously. "Someone is coming," and she drew far back into the shadow as quick footsteps crunched the gravel, and a figure—an extraordinary figure—passed them by on the path.

It was that of an elderly woman, tall and gaunt. Thin, grey hair straggled in wisps over her shoulders from beneath a mushroom-shaped hat. A circular scarlet cloak dipped to her knees. The scanty blue cotton skirt beneath was short as that of a young girl. The costume was a facsimile of one worn in a charity school of the city. This curious person gave a vague glance at the two people and walked on, gesticulating and muttering to the empty air.

Of a sudden the bell for vespers began to ring. The lamp over the gateway accentuated the gloom, though spreading a glow upon the path as far as the cathedral steps. With the first vibratory sounds the man took the girl's hands in tender close grip.

"This is our last parting, my darling," he said in a tense low voice, fixing a burning

gaze on the downcast face, "because, after to-morrow, I shall never let you out of my sight again. You will find no difficulty in carrying out my plan. It is all put quite clearly and simply in the letter I gave you. There is nothing to fear, my sweetest girl; you can trust me implicitly. Now I must catch my train without delay. In a few hours we shall meet again. You will find me waiting for you at Victoria in longing suspense."

A few whispered words of passionate endearment and then he left her, hurrying his pace to evade speech of people on their way to the service. He was too preoccupied to observe a bow of recognition from a lady entering the gate as he passed out into the highway.

Miss Annette Clegg, a resident in the Close, half turned to look after him, for Clement Mowbray was not prone to absent-minded slips of etiquette. Before recognising his personality she had seen him part from someone standing under the trees. When she approached the spot, where the girl still stood as if transfixed, she identified the figure as Miss Ethel Hamilton, the unusually pretty governess who had been established in the Mowbray household for some six months past.

The maiden lady's heart gave a leap and a thud. She passed quickly by as if she had seen no one in the twilight. There was something in the pose of the motionless figure that evoked a dormant memory upon which was grounded a deep-rooted prejudice against Clement Mowbray, though the events concerning it had happened while he was yet a small boy in the nursery. Often and often Miss Annette Clegg had tried to banish this preconceived judgment as unfair and unworthy, but to-day, as she entered the cathedral, it rose again in force.

The bell stopped ringing. Ethel Hamilton was roused from her dreaming by the muffled tones of the organ. Still she lingered, for it was early to return, and she had no desire to go home until it was absolutely necessary.

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Taking a sudden resolution, she mounted the steps and passed in through the cathedral doors. The service would be short and she loved the music from her heart. She dropped into a chair on a line with Miss Clegg. Now she was there she wished she had not come.

"If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves," rang out in clear monotone. "Wherefore, I pray and beseech you as many as are here present to accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice——"

Ethel Hamilton groped for a Prayer Book in the bag before her.

"We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts."

"The devices and desires of our own hearts," echoed the sweet voices of the choristers. It was strange how clearly the words rang out to-day.

She buried her face in her hands till the congregation rose from their knees. It was deathly white when she stood up, and Miss Clegg, glancing sideways at her from across the aisle, feared the girl was going to faint.

Ethel's attention was diverted from the choir by the sound of a beautiful, though quavering voice, joining in the singing from a side aisle. Looking round she discovered that the singer was none other than the eccentric woman who had passed them by the Pool. The Mad Woman, as the children called her, was perfectly harmless, and allowed to wander about as she pleased. While she listened, Ethel wondered

vaguely if some tragedy lay at the back of those distraught eyes, and how it had come about that the unfortunate woman could sing in this trained fashion. Conjecture was checked by the opening sentences of the anthem.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"That shall he also reap," repeated Ethel mechanically. She sat down during the singing. Her knees had trembled when she tried to rise.

Moments passed by, the service was at an end. The words of the benediction rose



"This curious person gave a vague glance at the two people and walked on, gesticulating and muttering to the empty air."

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"She clasped her child vehemently to her breast, and darted from the room"—p. 860.

in the air and died away in the dim recesses of the shadowy aisles. The scattered worshippers hastened silently away. Ethel Hamilton waited to the last.

"Good evening, Miss Hamilton," said a voice outside the west entrance. "We are both going the same way. Shall we walk together as far as my house?"

Ethel started nervously. "With pleasure, Miss Clegg," she replied, and she and the maiden lady walked down the path into the

darkness side by side. She was very quiet, only answering the remarks of her companion laconically. In a few moments they stopped by a pretty old-fashioned cottage.

"Do come in and have tea with me, my dear," said Miss Clegg kindly. "It is always ready when I come back from vespers."

Ethel's first instinct was to refuse, for she was in no mood for desultory talk, but she yielded to a repetition of the invitation.

The sitting-room glowed with warmth and comfort, the lamp was alight, the brass kettle singing a merry tune, and the cat stretched a lazy welcome as her mistress entered. Ethel's dazed faculties gave a gentle stir as she sank with a feeling of sudden restfulness into an easy-chair near the cosy tea-table.

"Take off your wraps, and your hat, too, my dear," said Miss Clegg. As the girl readily complied she cast an admiring look at the thick golden waves of hair drawn back loosely from the soft, young face, now coloured with a delicate brilliancy by the change from the crisp autumnal air to the heated room. "Do you often find time to come so far to vespers?" she continued.

"Once a week only," answered the girl. "But then I have a whole half-day to myself."

"Ah!" commented Miss Clegg, musingly. "Sugar,

my dear? Cream? Try those scones, they are home made. The whole half-day, you say. Have you made many friends here?"

"Just one or two." Ethel sighed as she spoke and stared absently into the fire.

"I suppose you are glad to go home when the holidays come," Miss Clegg said, regarding her thoughtfully.

"Home?" echoed Ethel, with a short embarrassed laugh. "I have no home. I have a step-mother," she added dully.

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"I go quite occasionally to friends, but more often to a home for governesses."

Miss Clegg looked troubled and sympathetic.

"I hope Mrs. Mowbray is kind to you," she said after a pause.

"In her way I suppose she is," said Ethel, looking again embarrassed. "But I see so little of her that she is scarcely conscious of my existence. I have often wondered," she hurried on as though to turn the subject, "what was the history of that extraordinary woman who always dresses like one of the foundlings at the hospital? Was she once one of those children? I never heeded her so particularly as to-day at the service. She sang remarkably well, and yet she seems to be quite off her head."

Miss Clegg gave Ethel a long scrutinising glance, and then stared reflectively into the fire. The girl's unconscious remarks seemed to point to a distinct duty that the maiden lady was now convinced that Providence, watching over the weak, had put into her way to perform.

"That woman has a real history," she said slowly. "A sad history, well known to the old inhabitants here, but never spoken of on account of its painful memories. I remember her as a beautiful girl"—here Miss Clegg looked keenly across at Ethel—"as beautiful as you, my child. Would you like to hear the story?"

"I should, very much," returned Ethel with awakened curiosity, and then with quick foreboding she regretted her words. The woman was nothing to her. Other vitally important matters were filling her mind to distraction, but Miss Clegg had already begun her narrative.

"It is more than thirty years since a wealthy eccentric widow lady, whom I will call Mrs. Clare, made a visit to the Foundling Hospital for the purpose of selecting a girl to train as maid-companion to herself. Mrs. Clare had only just settled in the neighbourhood, and had rented the Manor House of Bloxham on a long lease from the old squire's heir. She had no daughter, and only one son, who was abroad on foreign service. The girl, Olivia by name, was singled out by Mrs. Clare on account of her good looks, and soon the widow took a great fancy to her *protégée*. A daily governess was engaged for her, and the girl, being intelligent by nature, quickly

responded to her new surroundings, fulfilling Mrs. Clare's expectations in every respect. In five years' time Olivia had developed into a handsome girl, as well-educated and refined as she was good-looking."

"What was she like to look at?" intervened Ethel, interested in spite of herself.

"She had dark brilliant eyes, jet black hair, a complexion rich as a damask rose, and carried herself like a young princess," said Miss Clegg, waxing enthusiastic. "And then it was discovered she had a voice, a voice of exceptional calibre. Mrs. Clare was delighted, and took her to the Continent, where she had singing masters both in Germany and Italy. All raved about her voice, and it was finally decided that she should be trained professionally. Just as the necessary training was drawing to a close Mrs. Clare was suddenly called home by the unexpected return of her son from India. Olivia was left with a chaperon to complete the last course. In Bloxham Manor House there were angry words between mother and son on the subject of the girl, whom Captain Clare had never seen. These disputes led Mrs. Clare to meet Olivia on her return home with a cold constraint that chilled the girl's warm heart. Instead of treating her as usual, Mrs. Clare unfairly relegated Olivia to the humbler position for which she had originally been taken from the hospital. On the other hand, Captain Clare no sooner saw Olivia than he wondered no longer at his mother's infatuation; but the more attractive he found her the less Mrs. Clare liked the situation, and there came a day when Olivia was told that the Manor House was no longer to be her home. The girl was broken-hearted, for she had fallen as blindly in love with the Captain as he with her. But pride came to her help, and with the natural impetuosity of her nature she told Mrs. Clare that she would not rest until she had repaid her for every penny spent upon her education and training. She returned alone to Italy. Captain Clare quarrelled violently on the subject with his mother, and also left his home."

Miss Clegg paused for a moment. Ethel Hamilton rose to her feet.

"Thank you for your interesting story," she said nervously. "Perhaps you will tell me the rest another day. I ought to be getting back. You will excuse my running away so soon after tea."

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"Plenty of time, my dear, you must hear the finish now I have got so far in the story," said Miss Clegg, pushing her gently into the chair. "If you are thinking of the dark road, I will walk back with you when you go."

Dumbly the girl yielded, and Miss Clegg went on.

"One day, when the Captain was away, a lady with two children and an ayah surprised Mrs. Clare by driving up to the Manor House. The lady announced herself as Mrs. Richard Clare, adding that her husband expected her and knew she was coming. The old lady was astounded, for she knew of no marriage contracted by her son in India. He must have intended to break the news upon his first arrival, hence his anger upon first hearing of the existence of Olivia, and the loss of money through her expensive training. Later on, there is no doubt that he deliberately concealed the fact, owing to his infatuation for the girl. Shortly after his wife's return he came home, and his mother forgave him the deception because she was so thankful to have him with her again.

"Another eventful day came round," continued Miss Annette Clegg, stealing a glance at Ethel, who had suddenly bent forward to stare fixedly into the fire. "I was a visitor in the Manor House at the time, so I speak from my personal knowledge of what really took place. We were at tea in the drawing-room, when of a sudden the door was flung wide open, and a servant announced in loud tones: 'Mrs. Richard Clare!' A regal, radiant-faced girl carrying a beautiful baby in her arms came like sunshine into the room. She looked around, murmured a soft 'Richard, here I am,' to Captain Clare, then crossed over to his mother and laid the baby on her knees. 'I am bringing you Richard's son for you to see,' she said proudly.

"Mrs. Clare got up with a movement that almost threw the baby to the floor. 'What madness is this? Ring the bell, Richard, for this person to be shown out!' she called out loudly. Olivia caught her child to her heart and looked sorrowfully at the old lady. 'I hoped you would forgive our secret marriage when you saw our boy.' For a few moments no one moved or spoke, then Mrs. Clare drew a lad of five years of age to her side, saying sternly: 'Here is

Richard's son, and my only grandson.' Olivia looked perplexed, then casting her eyes round seemed to realise there were others in the room. 'Richard! Husband! Come to me,' she called in a frightened voice. Captain Clare, who had looked like a ghost ever since her appearance, turned and left the room without a word. 'Who are you?' Olivia asked peremptorily of the Captain's wife.

"I am Richard's wife,' was the reply.

"And these two children?"

"Mine and his."

"Olivia stood still as a statue, only her eyes showing the cold horror at her heart. I could bear the sight no longer, and was going towards her with open arms when suddenly she clasped her child vehemently to her breast, and darted from the room." Miss Clegg paused before going on in hushed tones. "I went after her, but could not find her. I never spoke to Mrs. Clare or her son again until she was on her deathbed, and she wished to speak to me about Olivia."

"And Olivia?" said Ethel flurriedly, her cheeks flaming with colour.

"Poor, poor Olivia, distracted to madness, must have wandered all night through the woods and lanes of the neighbourhood, for early next morning she was found insensible by the wayside some miles from the city. Her baby, still pressed in her arms, was dead, whether through misadventure or of intent the jury were divided in opinion. There were so many to throw the stone of doubt and contempt, and Olivia was in prison for three years. The Clares went abroad. The scandal broke the old lady's heart, and I am of strong opinion that remorse for her conduct to Olivia hastened her end. At any rate, she added a codicil to her will providing an annuity which has kept Olivia in comparative comfort all these years. When Olivia came out of prison her reason was gone, her mind had shifted back to the days of her youth, and she has always refused to wear any other kind of dress than that in which she has struck your attention. She is well taken care of by some respectable people, who receive the money for their trouble from Mrs. Clare's executors. It is only seldom she opens her mouth to sing as she did to-day. Something must have excited her. I can speak calmly of her tragic history now, but I can never meet or try to speak to that poor woman without

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feelings of wrath and bitter contempt for the wretched man who destroyed that beautiful young life," Annette Clegg concluded in tones of deep emotion.

The girl opposite sat motionless far back in her chair, screening her face with her hand. "Where is that man now?" she asked in a low voice after a long silence.

"Dead," was the reply. "Later on his widow and her two children came back to the neighbourhood. She lives here now with her son, that same little lad of five years. He is married himself, and has children of his own."

"They live here now? I don't know people of the name of Clare," said Ethel, trying to steady her voice.

"No! I called them Clare in the story, but their real name is"—she looked at the girl for an instant—"Mowbray. The son is very different from his father, but I fear what is bred in the bone must come out sooner or later."

She forbore to raise her eyes this time, for she felt intuitively the sudden change in the girl's face.

Ethel Hamilton got up with a wavering, jerking movement. She was white to the lips. "I must really go now," she faltered in a quivering voice. "It is very late."

She caught up her coat. Miss Clegg rose to help her, and felt the slender straight figure shaking from head to foot.

"No! I cannot let you go yet," she said in a firm gentle voice, and again she pushed the girl into her seat.

Passively enough Ethel remained seated for a moment, but her features worked convulsively with the effort to conceal some strong conflict of emotion storming within. All at once she gasped, then got up impulsively, crossed to the other side of the fireplace, and dropped on her knees, burying her face in the maiden lady's lap.

"Oh, help me," she whispered in a hoarse voice.

Annette Clegg folded her arms round the kneeling girl, pressing her lips to the golden hair, while her face lighted up with the

protective radiance of a Madonna. Then she began to stroke the bowed head with tender touch, and thought deeply. All at once her reflecting eyes cleared.

"I must get up for a moment," she said. "I want to show you something. I wonder if it would be of any use to you."

She crossed the room to her bureau, and brought back a letter.

"Yesterday I had a farewell letter from my married sister who is going back to South Africa this week," she said. "I had quite forgotten it for the moment. She told me in it she had engaged a governess for her little girl, and was very pleased with her. However, she added a postscript which I would very much like you to read."

Ethel was standing up white and



"Annette Clegg folded her arms round the kneeling girl."

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still, her arms hanging limply at her side. She took the letter wonderingly, and with effort fastened her attention on these words:

"Such a nuisance! That nice woman I told you about has backed out at the last moment. She is afraid of the voyage or climate, or something; but it is only an excuse, I think, for she mentioned neither in her arrangements with us. As we sail on Friday I fear it is too late to get anyone else. What I shall do with only the nurse I do not know. I hoped I had secured a really congenial companion as well as a good governess for Florrie."

Ethel Hamilton read this postscript twice before she began to understand Miss Clegg's meaning in giving it to her to see. She drew in a long breath as if in pain. "Friday—Friday—" she repeated mechanically. That would be to-morrow, the day she had promised. She gasped, and pressed her hands tightly over her eyes to imprison the racing thoughts. She felt as if her brain would burst, or was it her heart?

"If you will go I can telegraph at once to my sister," said Annette Clegg quietly, though watching the girl's struggle with intense hidden emotion. "You would never

regret going to her. She is very kind, and a friend," she emphasised the word, "sent by me would soon become her own loved and valued friend."

Ethel's pallor merged into ashen greyness. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," came automatically into her mind. Her hands fell. She wrung them helplessly. There was silence through the room. At last, slowly and painfully, she looked at Miss Clegg.

"I will go," she said. "I must go."

Annette Clegg could not meet that leaden gaze. She wrote the telegram, rang the bell and dispatched the message.

"I will go back with you and help you with your packing," she said. "The cab can wait for us, and we will both go to Southampton to-night."

"My trunk is packed," replied Ethel, her lips drawn and tense. "I—was—going away—to-morrow," she faltered, and then she broke down into a fit of silent, convulsive weeping.

"Thank God!" whispered Annette Clegg, as again she held the girl in her motherly arms.





The . Home Department

COLD DISHES FOR HOT DAYS

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

NO man, woman or child can properly perform their allotted tasks unless their bodies are nourished with wholesome food, suitable to the season of the year.

Winter catering is comparatively easy; there are numberless hot savoury dishes which can be evolved from odds and ends of meat, varied by different seasonings, and served with divers accompanying vegetables, etc., but when the warmer weather sets in, and appetites fail, the problem becomes more complicated, and the housewife often experiences difficulty in providing meals which will tempt the members of the household to satisfy the demands of Nature.

The vagaries of our English climate are too well known to require any comment. We occasionally rejoice in delicious sunshine in December and shiver over a fire in June; but July, August and September may generally be relied upon to provide us with some hot spells—fleeting, it is true, and none the less trying on that account.

There come days when merely to enter the kitchen seems to produce a nausea for every kind and description of food, and the heat of a cooking fire is wellnigh insupportable. These are days when the resources and patience of the housewife are taxed to straining point. Meals *must* be provided—carefully thought-out and well-planned meals that will sustain the body at a time when more than ordinary wear and tear are taking place, hence special precautions must be exercised in order that the maximum of nourishment

is contained in the amount of food consumed. This happy result is more easily achieved when the housekeeping purse is large and well lined; it requires both wit and knowledge to satisfactorily accomplish when ways and means must be closely considered.

When planning out the meals, it is well to bear several important points in mind:

1. That every kind of food must be fresh and sweet, hence it is wise to reduce one's orders to the smallest possible quantities for the day's consumption.

2. A flagging appetite must be stimulated through the sense of eye as well as of taste, and simple fare, daintily garnished and set out, will often tempt one to eat when more elaborate dishes, not so well served, meet with but scant approval.

It is well to remember, too, that any food *intended* to be cold, must be so in reality, not lukewarm nor partaking of dejected shapes and unsymmetrical proportions. Another valuable adjunct, too, is variety; whenever it is possible, revive the jaded palate with a new sensation, or, if an old one must be endured, serve it in a fresh guise.

All this entails work for the housewife, who, by the multitude of her duties, often feels but little inclined to either order, prepare or partake of any food, but most women, particularly those who are wives and mothers, can rise to any occasion, and in the pleasure derived from the appreciation of their efforts they have their full reward.

As much of the preparation of meals as is

* * * Mrs. St. Clair will be glad to answer any inquiries on matters dealt with in this department. Letters, which must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be sent to "The Home Department," THE QUIVER OFFICE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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possible should be completed early in the day, before the sun has reached its zenith, after which the kitchen fire can be kept as low as is compatible with the needs of the household, or, in some cases, allowed to die out completely.

Many persons dispense entirely with meat at this season of the year, substituting fish and eggs in its place.

Here is an excellent recipe for a cold fish mould :

Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cod in sufficient water to just cover the fish. When cooked, remove the skin and bones and replace them in the stewpan with 3 pints of the liquor in which the cod was boiled. Put the flaked fish on a plate and stand in a cool place until it is required. When the stock is reduced to half its original quantity, add 1 oz. of isinglass ; stir till this has dissolved and draw the pan off the fire for the mixture to cool. Whisk together the whites of 2 eggs (with their shells crushed and added), 2 tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, a bay leaf and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cold water. Whisk these into the stock, stirring until it has boiled for a quarter of an hour. Let it stand for a few minutes to settle, then strain through a jelly-bag. Pour a little of the jelly into a wet mould, lay in some of the fish flakes with slices of hard-boiled eggs and sprigs of parsley. Whilst this is setting, make a sauce with a tablespoonful of salad oil, the yolk (unbeaten) of an egg, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful each of tarragon and chilli vinegar, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Mix the sauce with the rest of the fish, jelly and slices of egg, and turn it into the mould. Stand in a cool place, if possible on ice, until required, then turn out the mould and garnish it with watercress and slices of tomato. This dish should be made the day before it is to be eaten.

A Salmon Mould

Salmon is usually accounted an expensive fish, but it is so substantial that a little goes a long way, and when, as is often the case in July, it can be purchased for 10d. per lb., may be indulged in occasionally without undue enlargement of the fishmonger's bill.

Take 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon, weighed after the removal of the skin and bone. Put it in a basin and break it into small pieces with two silver forks. Add 3 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, 2 ozs. of butter, 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a seasoning of

pepper (cayenne, if liked) and anchovy sauce. Beat 2 eggs and bind the mixture with them. Butter a mould, pour in the fish, etc., and steam for three-quarters of an hour. If preferred, the mixture can be baked in the oven in a buttered cake-tin for half an hour. Turn out of the tin when required.

Veal Mould

This is an excellent supper dish, and cut in slices it provides a delicious filling for sandwiches.

Chop 1 lb. of veal very finely, add to it 2 ozs. of minced bacon (rather fat), $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfastcupful of breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, a flavouring of cayenne and black pepper, a pinch of powdered cloves and a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix with 1 well-whisked egg, put into a buttered mould, cover closely and steam for an hour and a quarter. This dish is greatly improved if the mould is stood in the oven for a short time after it is taken out of the steamer, but the oven-door must be left open during the process. When cold, turn out and garnish with crisp lettuce leaves and thin slices of lemon.

Russian brawn is a novelty for breakfast, and provides a good method of disposing of an over-large joint of beef.

Heat $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of gravy (or good stock flavoured with meat essence), dissolve $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of gelatine in it and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cold minced beef. Mix well with a seasoning of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. If liked, a little mushroom ketchup or Worcester sauce may be added. Wet a mould, and pour in the mixture.

Some Simple Cold Puddings

Sago and Rhubarb Mould.—Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rhubarb into small pieces, and put it into a stewpan with 1 teacupful of water. Boil for ten minutes. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sago in a basin and pour a teacupful of warm water over. Let it stand for a quarter of an hour, then add it to the rhubarb with 6 ozs. castor sugar and boil all together for ten minutes. Pour into a wet mould.

Tapioca Cream.—Wash 2 heaped tablespoonfuls of tapioca in boiling water, pour over it 1 pint of milk, let it soak for ten minutes, then boil until it is transparent and well cooked. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of castor sugar and a few drops of vanilla or almond essence. Let the mixture cool. Meanwhile, beat the yolks and whites of 2 eggs separately. Add

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first the yolks, and when almost cold, fold in the whites. Pour into the dish in which the cream is to be served, and stand in a cold place. Any kind of stewed fruit may accompany this dish.

Sponge Custard.—Heat 1 pint of milk, and add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Stir until the custard thickens. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gelatine into a basin with 1 tablespoonful of boiling water, and set it in a saucepan of hot water.

When it is quite dissolved, add it to the custard; stir thoroughly, flavour with any approved essence, and set it to cool. As soon as the mixture begins to congeal, whisk it well, and add gradually the stiffly frothed whites of 2 eggs. Beat till the whole is quite frothy, then pour into a wet mould. This sweet should be made at least six hours before it is required. If any difficulty is experienced in turning out the shape, dip the mould in hot water.



THE CLAIMS OF LEISURE

By Mrs. G. S. REANEY

"SO busy!" "Completely overwhelmed!" "No time for anything." How often words to this effect are given in excuse or apology touching a neglected duty or an overlooked responsibility. And lives quite young and bright are clouded by the fret and worry which an everyday, incessant rush has brought into existence.

The Gospel of Leisure needs to be preached as frequently as faithfully. Men and women owe it to themselves in the economy of their lives to give themselves time to cool down and rest. It is difficult to sever oneself from the demands made upon thought and service, but still it must be done if that thought and service are to be of the best possible kind. Think, how many offer to God the "second best" of their lives, because the first best has been lost and frittered away; not intentionally, but from misconception of what constitutes our duty.

Let me illustrate this.

Two children had been at play in an orchard, suddenly the little girl remembering something trots off to the house.

"Sis, Sis, I want you!" shouted her brother calling after the retreating figure.

"Can't come. I want myself," answered the girl, and she continued her course in the direction of the house.

"I cannot obey the call of this implied duty, or of that self-created service in the interests of others—there is a claim to myself which has to be settled first. My body; has it had the rest which health requires? My

mind its thoughtful study without which it will deteriorate? My spiritual being its necessary food in Bible reading and prayer, lacking which it will be enfeebled and pauperised?"

These are questions which it will be well for the overworked to face—and the *rightness* of so doing none will dispute who believe in the teaching of St. Paul: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

We are not taking up the cause of "Idleness," "Overcare of One's Health," or the proneness to indulge in the luxury of *unearned* rest. We plead for the leisure which we require to *make the best of ourselves*.

Things have altered since the days of the Great Reformer, Martin Luther, who was heard on one occasion to say, "I am so busy to-day that I cannot do with less than three hours' Bible study and prayer." How many of us would plead, "I am so busy to-day that I find little or no time for my Bible and for prayer."

Surely this proves that Leisure has large claim upon us—the leisure to think and read and pray.

See the difference it makes in a home.

Here is a home well ordered and carefully managed, but into family life there has crept a spirit of unrest. The anxious wife and busy mother is nearly worn out. Her voice is pitched in a key which irritates where it should soothe. Her movements are fitful, her words hurried. She knows without telling that her life is less successful

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than it might be. Her neglected Bible—her loss of those profitable breaks which *Leisure* brings, may be accounted responsible for much of what is wrong. She wonders why she is so prone to be fretful and peevish, and fails to realise that the wear and tear to her nervous system can only mean trouble sooner or later. She is too busy to give herself the necessary leisure, and in neglect of this duty all suffer.

Here is another home, not less busy, and possibly with a larger family claiming attention, but the atmosphere is one of serenity and calm. The mother who strikes the keynote to the music of home life is herself bright and hopeful. No day passes but what she yields to the leisure which claims her. It is troublesome and inconvenient at times, but part of her day's programme, hence has to be gone through, and at sixty she is ten years younger than other women of her age, due no doubt to the calmer life, and the absence of fret or worry, such as that which gathers into homes where the "rush" and "drive" know no break of enforced leisure.

Most of us have heard of the pathetic epitaph over the grave of one whose life had had no leisure—

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am
going
Where cooking ain't done, nor washing, nor sewing,
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of
dishes,
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing,
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Perhaps some who read these lines will know what it is to be "always tired." It is not only busy mothers with their home duties, and social duties, and philanthropic work who get worn out and weary, but the sons and daughters of the home, each in some special way employed, busy oftentimes with the endless doings which go to make up daily life—if not devoted to a calling which has its definite hours of labour.

With such I would plead, think over the question of Leisure's claims, and see to it that you, personally and individually, make no opposition to a system of rest and recreation which mind and heart require quite as much as the body needs its appointed hours of sleep.

John Foster said—and his words have weight with all thinking minds—"If I had the power of touching a large part of mankind with a spell, amid all the inane activity, it should be this short sentence, 'Be quiet; be quiet!'"

To bring these thoughts on Leisure to a practical issue, let me suggest that all who have not already done so should set aside at least an hour each day for reading—instructive and recreative. Possibly in this as invariably in other things there is distinct advantage in method. Let the choice be made of books likely to be helpful to peruse, and devote the spare hour to steady reading. Much will be accomplished in a week, more in a month, while a year will gather in the storehouse of memory untold treasures of thought. And meanwhile the life of the learner will be gaining strength and beauty from the quiet which leisure rightly used brings to bear upon the character.

It is in hurry and haste and incessant activity that the forces of nature lose their vitality. The life which has no leisure in it lacks its fullest force. The work may be priceless, the enthusiasm splendid, but both would gain if the heart from which they got their inspiration were a *rested* one.

Without the blessing which regular and systematic leisure brings to our lives, we may in our very earnestness produce work which is shadowed by our own heart-weariness.

A singer sang a song of tears,

And the great world heard and wept.

For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years

And the hopes which the dead past kept;

And souls in anguish their burdens bore,

And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,

And the great world listened and smiled,

For he sang of the love of a Father dear

And the trust of a little child:

And souls that before had forgotten to pray

Looked up, and went singing along the way.

In a word, if our lives are made brighter and better by yielding ourselves to the claims of Leisure, our power to help and bless others will increase.

And because as Christians the test of one's love to the Master is our love for our fellow-creatures, it behoves us to do all in our power to keep ourselves—body, mind, and spirit—in good health and well-balanced activity.

THE CRIME OF SILENCE

A Word to Parents

By MONICA WHITLEY

"Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead men to sovereign power."

THE morals of the mill girl are constantly being attacked by public speakers or through the correspondence columns of the newspapers. It is explained that mothers as well as daughters are employed in the factories, and home influence and comforts are thus sacrificed, while the high earning capacity of the girls renders them impatient of parental control. Some parents fail to stimulate the confidence of their children, regarding them too much as money-makers and contributors to the family purse.

But, from a wide personal experience of mill girls, I must say that I am convinced that their morals are no worse than those of any other class of workers. It is true that there are temptations in the circumstances of their work, not present in those of some other callings; but human nature is the same in all ranks of life, and the morals of the girl who falls outwardly and visibly may be not one whit worse than those of her sister who apparently stands upright and leads a life of respectability.

Why do our sisters—aye, and brothers too—fall? (Why, also, in the world's sight, when two sin, should one be stoned and the other go free?) When they fall, I firmly believe that it is through ignorance; not the ignorance of the undeveloped child-mind, not lack of knowledge, of a sort, but a totally wrong conception of the true meaning of life, and an imperfect, distorted view of it.

Our mock modesty lies at the root of much of the immorality of the day. What do you think of parents who are so delicately-minded that they shrink from instructing their children in the laws of their being, but send them out into the world to have this information imparted to them in the most disgusting way by foul-minded people?

Instruction in all other branches of knowledge is most eagerly sought for them, but what is most essential is denied. Children, with sublime faith in father and mother, do ask for it frequently; but their requests

are either ignored or answered by a falsehood which is either at the time or later recognised as such by the child, and consequently his tender confidence is shaken.

Parents, for the most part, seem to consider that they have done their whole duty if they set a good example and teach a code of morals; many earnestly give good advice, but it is too vague and reticent to be of any service. This reserve is traditional, but it is nothing less than cruelty to the children. Before they have good advice they need instruction, and surely the street and pernicious literature are not the best agents for imparting it.

The home is the proper place in which to learn all that underlies home life, and the earlier children go out into the world the earlier should it be learnt. The way in which the facts of life are presented to them will colour their whole career; they will either learn that the transmission of life is a noble and God-like gift, to be treated with reverence, but at the same time with common sense, or they will learn unspeakable things.

Do not let us be cowards, then, in our treatment of our children. Let us throw aside all mock modesty and face the facts of life unflinchingly, for they cannot be ignored. As animals of the highest order of development we have certain instincts not wrong in themselves. As men we have reasoning power to control them in order to mature the whole man—body, soul, and spirit.

Parents who neglect to impart to their children the foundation truths upon which the continuance of the race depends are nothing less than criminal. Rightly understood, these truths fall into their place in the harmony of the universe; wrongly apprehended, they produce discord and misery. All life should be to the pure child-mind wonderful and holy, and growth and development a divine revelation, kept sacred by the defence of knowledge and the dignity of truth.



My Post Bag

SURELY, there is one bit of pleasurable anticipation that, almost daily disappointed, daily returns to most people—the minor thrill of the postman's knock. I have known people who had not the least grounds for expecting any letters, favourable or otherwise, rush to the window or door directly the postman is in sight, and spend the moments in breathless anticipation until—until the communication proves to be a circular from Jones and Smith, calling attention to their new show of linen goods, or a card from the Coal Company dilating on "Lowest Summer Prices." It has been said by someone of a cynical turn of mind that the only things we get for nothing are advertisements; perhaps even these we have to pay for!



The Letter of Your Life

WHO rushes to the door when the postman knocks? Principally the children: they have the least to dread, and the largest stock of hope. But do we not all know the dread, weary business of waiting from post to post for the letter that has not, but should—must—come? Perhaps we have been too dignified to stand at the door, but some bedroom window has a view of the road, and we are behind the curtains; or we sit within pretending to work while the minutes pass and pass—and no letter comes. Oh, the tragedy of the letter that has never come! If sometimes the one far away knew what it meant to the people at home, he would write. . . . How have you received the letter of your life? Possibly you have broken the seal there and then in fervid haste; more probably you have slipped it away in your coat, and waited until you could be alone in your own room before you read what, perhaps, was going to alter the whole course of your destiny. Or perchance it came unexpectedly. You opened the letter with a careless air, and then—you went

white to the lips, for it was *the* letter of your life.

But I had not intended wandering into the track of the exceptional. Ordinary letters come and go, their intelligence but contributes to the minor excitements of life. Even an Editor's letters, whilst always interesting, are not necessarily exciting. There are the manuscripts, but these are numerous and important enough to be a class by themselves, and do not reach the Editor's desk until after classification and registration. But the letters: here they are in a neat little pile, as regular as the breakfast, as varied and as unvaried as the morning meal. There is the writer who wants to submit an idea for an article, the correspondent who is anxious to learn about some obscure point which the Editor, in virtue of his office, must surely know, the letter accepting an offer for a MS., the begging letter, an offer of cheap motor-car tyres, and even of wines (one firm regularly sends me a list of their bargains in wines and spirits, despite all my temperance principles!). But more interesting than these, the letters from readers of comment, praise, or criticism—which are always valued, for they constitute almost the only guide one has as to how the magazine is meeting the needs of those for whom it caters. One must not forget, too, the welcome letters containing contributions for the various charitable institutions in which we are interested. Alas! they become fewer as the summer advances! Why is it that when people are busy thinking about their holidays they neglect the poor and needy to whom the League of Loving Hearts ministers?



The Foreign Mail

THEN there is the foreign mail, always an added interest. For instance, within the last few days I have had letters from the most distant parts of the world. Here is what one reader writes:

At present I, together with a deaconess of the Church of England, am living in a log building

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situated on the prairie of the Peigan Indian Reserve in Southern Alberta, Canada. We two women are living here a very simple life, and are trying to help our Indian sisters in the clothing of their children and ministering to the sick. About two years ago, while studying the Blackfoot language, which is the language spoken by the tribe, I spent a few days with some friends on a ranch among the foothills of the Rockies, and while there I picked up a copy of THE QUIVER.

Then follow some eulogistic remarks, and the intelligence of how the casual reader became a regular subscriber, closing with the narrative of how an old Indian, well versed in native lore, was persuaded to tell the writer some of the old stories of the race.



English as She is Written

SOME letters cannot be read without amusement, albeit sympathetic. Here is one, apparently from a young native of Bridgetown, Jamaica:

DEAR SIR,—I must first say that I have not been a buyer of your books. But it happened that I was spending my holidays in the country with my cousins, who are buyers of THE QUIVER.

I can thank God for giving me the chance to read three or four of your copies. It seems to me that I can't but address you as a member of the League of Loving Hearts. By your "Tales" I feel quite sure that you are a member of such a league.

It pleases me to know how many boys and girls are members of the "League of Loving Hearts." I can give most hearty thanks to those members, who are from far countries. Knowing how greatly God blesses those in Africa, India, China, and all parts where the Missionaries are going. I would like to become a member of your League. It gives me sorrow, knowing that I cannot send you 1s. in my letter. I have just left school, therefore I suppose I will be able to send you 1s. the next time I am going to write you.

About my church which I attend. I know you will be very glad to hear. I attend the Wesleyan Church, James Street. The Rev. Hawthorn is our Pastor. On Tuesday evenings we have a Men's Class, which is a great help to us in our spiritual lives. I am now 15 years; my desire is to do something more for my Saviour, King of Kings. By God's Grace.

I must close my letter, hoping I will soon be a member of the League of Loving Hearts.

I remain, Yours obedient Friend,



A Fervid Hindoo

BUT an even more amusing letter arrived by the last mail from India. I print it as received, only remarking that as my correspondent did not feel it necessary to put any postage stamps on his envelope, I had to pay double postage. It was worth it!

RESPECTED SIR,—I, the undersigned, beg to bring the following few lines to your benign consideration, hoping to meet with success.

I, the poor, have passed Lower Secondary Examination compulsory subject, and have studied up to the matriculation. Unfortunately I was prosecuted my studies owing to my domestic inconveniences. A

present I am a clerk in the above company on Rs. 15. By this payment I had to maintain my big family. In these difficulties I have got pleasure to study, and to read papers and magazines. Now I am reading *Daily Mail* and *Times* through some gentlemen. In the meantime I had received a magazine of yours from a gentleman. In that magazine I was very much enjoyed a part (i.e.) Conversation Corner, conducted by you. It dazzled like a gem in a medal. From the day the magazine was received I take quite a pleasure in reading "Conversation Corner," conducted by you every month. It is so very pleasure to have part of magazine specially interesting. I have got pleasure to write a letter to your honour for the above news. At the same time I am so poor to become a subscriber. Under these circumstances I beg your honour to ask your readers to help me to be a subscriber for ever freely, and to maintain me by them. I heard about your kindness very far. For which I have determined to write to your honour. I think it won't fail in my dream. Please excuse this poor fellow for the trouble given. Think me one of your son and take trouble as you have taken for your own son. I am so poor to maintain myself. Expecting for your favourable reply from you and copy of yours conducted by you. For which act of kindness and charity I shall ever pray your long life and prosperity.

I beg to remain, Respected Sir,

Yours most obedient Son,

P.S.—I want a photo for the remembrance of yours. Please send when you have send a copy of Magazine of yours.



Our Holiday Number

MOST people are thinking about the holidays. Those away for rest and change, and those who are still at home, will not want heavy reading, so I have arranged that my next issue shall be a grand Holiday Number—just the sort of magazine to read in a garden hammock, or within sound of the lapping sea. First of all, Miss Agnes Giberne has written a long holiday romance entitled "A Mountain Solitude." It is a fine story, of interest to all readers. Next, I have an outdoor contribution by Mr. A. B. Cooper: "The Village Shrines of England," illustrated with some beautiful photographs. "Wedding Bells in the Bush" tells of some of the lighter sides of the marriage ceremony as witnessed by an Australian Parson in the back reaches of civilisation. The article is fully illustrated by Mr. P. B. Hickling. "At the Cross Roads" is a story in the thoughtful style that has made Miss Winifred M. Graham's contributions to our magazine so acceptable. The two serials advance a further stage, leading to most interesting developments, and two stories, "Princess Charming," by Ella M. Ferguson, and "The High Calling," by Elspet McPherson, further strengthen the fiction side of the issue. I have been successful in obtaining the services of one of the best photographic artists in the depicting of the beauties of holiday time in

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Switzerland. The pictures that I shall show of "The Playground of Europe" are without question some of the finest that have been taken, and will make the issue one of the best pictorially that we have been able to produce for some time. Be sure to get

the Holiday Number of THE QUIVER—and send a copy to your friends.

The Editor



RESULT OF THE HOME-MADE TOY COMPETITION

List of Awards

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing the result of the Home-Made Toy Competition.

The FIRST PRIZE of a £25 Benson Gold Watch is awarded to—

MISS MATSON,
Claremont, 28 Nelson Road,
Hastings,

for a doll's house.

The SECOND PRIZE of an order for £10 on Messrs. Gamage's Stores goes to—

REV. G. WINTER WILSON,
22 Crossley Terrace,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,

for a cash trading stores.

The Six Prizes of Thermos Flasks are awarded to—

Mr. Richard J. Dale, Whitton, London Road,
Twickenham (blacksmith's forge).
Miss J. Everett, Berlin House, Cheltenham
(florist and fruiterer's shop).
Mr. Alan Roger Gough, 8 Grotto Hill, Margate
(Coronation lion and unicorn).
Miss Phebe Hooker, 36 Haldon Road, Exeter
(bass furniture).
Mr. Thomas H. Miller, Market Place, Wolsingham (steam yacht).
Miss Mabel Webber, Holmwood, Dorking (doll's house).

The Six "Onoto" Pens go to the following—

Mr. A. St. Clair Buxton, 6 Mansfield Street,
Cavendish Square (steam roller).
Mr. J. Hanson, West Wood Avenue, Linthorpe,
Middlesbrough (steam roller).
Mr. R. C. Isgar, Mendip Lodge, Bathwick Hill,
Bath (Japanese acrobat).
Mr. James Keedy, 11 Horatio Street, Roker,
Sunderland (crane).
Mr. T. Ollier, 15 Lord Street, Crewe (cradle).
Mr. W. Wright, 16 Exeter Road, Southsea (doll's house).

The Twelve Handsome Book Prizes are awarded to the following—

Mr. J. Porteous, Inverlecken, Caledonia Road,
Saltcoats (panorama and wardrobe).

Miss Violet Dickson, 4 Summer Hill, Chislehurst,
Kent (gipsy caravan).
Mr. W. J. Eldridge, Lynton, Rye (toy theatre).
Mrs. M. Smith, U.F. Manse, Urquhart, Elgin
(elephant).
Mrs. Edwards, 21 Watson's Walk, St. Albans,
Herts (basket cradle).
Mr. Brown (no address) (switchback).
Mrs. A. Roberts, 6 High Street, Deptford
(mountebank).
Miss J. Clowser, 2 Southgate Road, Winchester
(wicker furniture).
Mr. H. Savage, "Isthmian," Guildford Road,
Tunbridge Wells (drawing room).
Mr. David Grainger, Oakfield, Whiteabbey, nr.
Belfast (sailing boat).
Miss S. Blewett, 48 Blenheim Gardens, Walling-
ton (Quaker settlement).
Mr. R. M. Watts, 97 Blenheim Crescent, Notting
Hill, W. (panorama).

In addition, in view of the exceptional merit displayed, I have decided to award twelve further Book Prizes to the following—

Mr. J. Stay, 2 Lincoln Cottages, Gunville Road,
Carisbrooke (sailing boat).
Miss L. M. Spratt, 14 St. Peter Street, Winchester
(doll's house).
Mr. A. Campbell, Banskoe, Golspie, N.B. (pile
driver).
Miss Edith L. Mercer, The Mount, Burton Brad-
stock, Bridport (doll).
Miss L. Postans, 51 Rye Hill Park, Peckham
Rye (furniture made from melon seeds and
beads).
Miss J. Spencer, Bavano, Alum Chine Road,
Bournemouth (doll).
Mr. J. J. Heron, The Nest, Cultra, Holywood,
Co. Down (Pat going to market).
Miss M. F. Mill, 80 High Street, Montrose, N.B.
(model village).
Miss Bertha Tyack, 120 Chestnut Avenue, Forest
Gate (model village).
Mrs. F. Dobson, Ivy House, Acacia Grove, New
Malden (doll and cradle).
Mr. J. Findlay, 158 Bon Accord Street, Aberdeen
(Kennure Cottage).
Mrs. B. Harris, Quarry House, Nuneaton
(feather furniture).

A list of those highly commended appears in the advertisement section of this issue. An article fully describing the Competition will appear in the August number.

The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

"Apologies for Absence"

"APOLOGIES for absence," which form part of the prelude to so many gatherings, are no doubt sincere, are certainly polite, and in many instances come from people who are cruelly overworked, but there is one thing about them I have long observed—that they are more abounding during wet, bleak weather, than in dry and sunny times. Perhaps this is one of those curious, steady coincidences, like the spokes going round whenever the wheel turns, or perhaps it is because many people are delicate, and while willing enough to have an occasional visit from the doctor, have a rooted prejudice against encouraging the undertaker. But, be the reason what it may, "apologies for absence" are by no means infrequent in the experience of anyone who has ever tried to do good.

The application of which is this: A friend of mine on a cold, east-windy, dark, rainy night, about the beginning of the year, was trudging along with coat-collar turned up, when he overheard a small piping voice say: "Oh, do let's slip along, Sal; my boots is leakin' so!"

Sheltering in an embrasured doorway from a particularly pelting downpour was a girl, about ten or twelve, in a black untrimmed straw hat, with a shawl, which was a kind of cross between plaid and bed-quilt, part of it thrown over the head of a small, pinch-featured boy of about nine. The girl had very large, beautiful dark eyes, and she hardly seemed to hear what the boy was saying, dreamily lost in watching a street lamp, and so looking for a slackening of the rain. As my friend is a right good-hearted fellow, always somehow at work among the poor, he furled his umbrella, and stood in the doorway beside the children. Not till then did he notice that the little fellow had a crutch.

A short talk soon discovered why, with his leaking boots, he wanted his sister to "slip along"; they had been invited to a cripples' "drorin'-room," where there would be warmth and brightness, some singing and reciting, and things to do, and though the boots were so bad and the night was so bad, they couldn't stay away with an apology for absence.

I know the "drorin'-room" to which they were invited: the large kitchen of a dear good soul who modestly says "I can't do much, but I can always try to make a

cripple smile." This is something, nay, isn't it much, for isn't there a hallowed promise which begins with the words "Inasmuch as——"? and it feeds the heart to tug the memory for the completion of the sentence.

But it is not of "cripples' drawing-rooms" I would speak now, all glorious though they be. The train of thought this simple incident started in my mind was about the odd way things are mixed up in this world, and the few who think of the mixture, and who therefore do little or nothing to balance things a bit, though they could do much, and are good-hearted enough to try, if they only knew how or where to make a beginning.

Books, Toys and Letters

We need not speak of the way that wealth or health, work or talents are distributed; we have all been compelled one time or other to think out something about these. But there are books. Some of us have plenty, and can lay hands on more whenever we will, yet from a fair experience I make bold to say that there are thousands of homes in London where not one book is to be found, and this, too, among people who can both read and write. Can we wonder that there is little inducement for the children to remain indoors rather than roam the streets? Yet how we cling to our books when we no longer need them, or sell them for a mere song!

And there are toys. We are long done with them ourselves, or our children are done with them, yet we keep them in some cupboard, perhaps from sentiment, but in most cases with the vague feeling that some day we shall give them away to some children. Yet even more than the homes without books are the homes without toys, and this, too, where there are little ones to whom the poorest, most broken and defaced toys would be boons beyond words to express.

And there are letters. Some of us squirm before the postman's knock, for though our welcome is genuine to tidings from this friend and that, we know we shall have to answer them all, and with much else that is urgent on us we are inclined to face the fact a little ruefully. All the same, our touch with the outer world is constant and wide, and we are better men and women

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

for it. But, oh, the homes in London alone where the postman's knock is never heard, year in and year out! Life is very grey in these dwellings, and in them, too, are souls that with just a little cheer and encouragement might be sweetened, but for lack of it grow day by day duller and more sordid.

All of which brings me to the tail of such reflections, and many like them—to the Crutch-and-Kindness League. It is a League which is concerned about the *poor* child-cripples. There are more than 12,000 of these in London alone. The Ragged School Union, through its visitors and under the loving oversight of Sir John Kirk, is in touch with them all, and there is hardly a single case I can think of where a little distribution of the things I have mentioned, and such-like kindnesses, would not bring joy unspeakable. For these crippled children, from the very nature of their malady, the poverty of their parents, and the character of their poor dwellings, have a very, very lonely life. What the Crutch-and-Kindness League seeks to do is, for Pity's sake, to bring a little brightness to them. Therefore each member of the League is asked to write a letter once a month to the cripple, put for the purpose into his or her care, with all particulars of the case furnished, or if too busy any time to write the letter, then to send some book with pictures in it (an old book will do), or some illustrated magazine, some toy, or similar sign that the little sufferer has not been forgotten. The thrill it gives these small maimed ones when the postman actually goes out of his great way to bring a letter to *them*! And the book or picture-card or paper! Many of them can read, and where they can't they can generally get someone to read to them. And the pictures! The walls of their little rooms are never bare while they have pictures. It is not difficult to see how these are kindnesses which can be done by anyone of any age and of either sex, no matter in what part of the world they dwell, if they are in

reach of a post-office. To join the League there is but the one subscription to cover expenses, 1s., and this is only at the start, and for it a beautiful card of membership, for framing, is sent, signed by Sir John Kirk and myself, and Sir John's name is a guarantee of the deservedness of each case.

All other particulars about the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

The following are the new members for the month:—

Mrs. Balding, Horncastle, Lincs; Miss Edith M. Bandeen, London, Ontario, Canada; Mrs. Bäschlin, Swinton, nr. Manchester; Miss M. Beckwith, Great Malvern, Worcestershire; Miss Mary Bennett, Copmanthorpe, York.

Miss Agnes E. Cash, Sale, nr. Manchester; Miss J. Chichester, Instow, North Devon; Miss Cowan, Thurso, Caithness, N.B.

Miss Bertha Evett, Tackley Park, nr. Oxford. Miss Ada Fairhead, Stamford Hill, London, N.; Miss Edna Ferguson, Kinn, Argyllshire, N.B.; Master F. James Foreshaw, Wincanton, Somerset.

Miss Edna Gibbon, Eastergate, nr. Chichester; Miss E. M. Gulliver, Swansea, South Wales.

Miss Jessie Harris, Wells, Somerset; Mrs. Hawkins, Brighton, Sussex; Miss Heading, Hatton, Warwick; Miss Heward, Folkestone, Kent; Miss R. S. Hick, Whitworth, Durham; Miss Muriel M. Hughes, Birkdale, Lancs.

Miss Gladys Johnson, Southport, Lancs. Miss Langley, Storrington, Sussex; Master Wilfred Latham, Wincanton, Somerset; Miss C. E. Laurens, Inzinga, Natal.

Miss Ethel Mason, Killarney, Manitoba; Miss Milne, Glasgow, N.B.; Mrs. W. Moody, Warsash, Southampton.

Miss E. Northwood, Wordsley, Stourbridge; Mrs. Nottage, Eleuthera, Bahamas.

Miss Florence Peakall, Peckham, London, S.E.; Miss Porter, Newbury, Berks.

Miss E. Roberts, Simla, India; Miss Agnes L. Robertson, Kensington Gate, London, W.; Miss Beryl Roett, Barbados, B.W.I.

Miss Jessie Sealey, Tufnell Park, London, N.; Mrs. R. F. Slattery, West Hindmarsh, South Australia; Miss Frances Spray, Sidbury, Sidmouth; Miss F. Stead, New Southgate, Middlesex.

Miss Alice Tann, Stanmore, Middlesex; Miss Taylor, Bonchurch, I.W.; Mrs. Thomson, West Newport, N.B.

Miss Rita Warrington, Southport, Lancs. Girls of 3rd Circle of St. Paul's C.M.S., Norfolk, Virginia, U.S.A.

"LITTLE FOLKS" FOR JULY

THE July number of "Little Folks" contains a large number of splendid stories, by such favourite authors as John Comfort, Helen H. Watson, Geoffrey H. White, Bessie Marchant, Agnes Grozier Herbertson, Mcna Maxwell, etc., which cannot fail to delight every reader. Further instalments of the two serials by Olaf Baker and Flora Sidney Woolf are of enthralling interest, and as usual there are many beautiful colour pictures by eminent artists. There is also an extremely interesting article on Radium, the marvel of modern science, which deals with the past, present, and future of this engrossing discovery, in a simple and attractive way.



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
I am writing here in the garden, in the cool of the day, with the evening shadows lengthening, and a western glow that promises a fair to-morrow. "Nigger," our black cat, has taken possession of my knee, and as he won't budge he is having, as a penalty for trespassing, to act as a rest for this writing pad. He seems resigned, though now and then the pad wobbles rather uncomfortably for me. A vivacious blackbird is promenading on the lawn. From the hedges and bushes comes the evensong of many other birds. Right across the meadows, to the far trees that seem to touch the sky, there are all the beautiful summer sights of flowers and leafy masses, all glowing with life. I am trying to "pretend" that you are all here with me in the shadow of the poplar trees, and that our chat is a "real" conversation, instead of a written one. What a crowd we should be! Indeed, for me it would then be like speaking at a public meeting, and a fairly big one, too. And I should certainly have to get up on a platform for you to be able to see and hear. After all, you see, though we cannot meet together, there is a compensation—it is cosier to have our chat as we do, so that you can enjoy it at your leisure, in your own "den" or favourite nook.

While looking away over the valley to where trees and sky appear to meet, I was reminded of a little boy's remark the other day. I heard it at the seaside. We were waiting on the same motor-car, by the beach. He was a brown-eyed, brown-jersey-clad laddie, and about six, and his sisters jolly girls of, I should say, ten and twelve. "Vernon," they called him. He busied himself with trying to count the ships out at sea, and commenting on them in baby

fashion. "Why, there're eight ships on the oorison," he exclaimed. That was a big word for "Vernon," and his family and all of us were amused. "What's the 'oorison,' Vernon?" asked one of the girls. "The place where all the sea ends off," was his ready answer. And the girl, with big sister's privilege, replied: "Yes, but it's spelt with an h, horizon." But that was quite good for such a little fellow, wasn't it!

I expect in this July month nearly all of our Companionship members will be looking far out to the horizon, perhaps across the sea, from the shore, or from the hill-side, or mountain top, in our holiday time. That is one of the good things about holidays. We take longer views, and that rests our eyes, tired perhaps after close study of books and lessons; we also seem to look farther in other ways. In term time it's difficult to find time to see farther than the end of our own gardens, or the cricket fields, or the roads we traverse every day, or beyond our own life circles. But in the holidays—why, we can see miles, out and away. To-night I have been looking into the distance to where trees and sky meet, noting the loveliness of the details that make up the picture. Every blade of grass has reflected the sunlight, and the leaves have shimmered. And I thought how scientists tell us that every grass blade, every rose thorn, is finished off more finely and perfectly than anything we can manufacture, with even our wonderful machinery. And that made me think about work—your work, and my work. I have so many letters telling what you are doing, what some of you are going to be, and of your ambitions. There is one wish that I have for each of you. It is that you may find out the work you *can* do and love to do,

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Invaluable to adults

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The cause of most infantile disorders of the stomach and bowels is that the milk turns sour on the stomach, resulting in acidity and flatulence.

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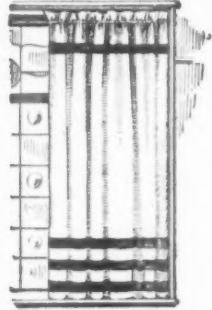
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

and be able to do it with the Great Worker's example before you always. He must wish, I think, that everyone should be a loving worker, and a doer of work that is beautifully accomplished. What a glorious world it would be if that could "come true" for everyone in it! It must come true, some day, surely. And, do you know, there are many folks who believe it will, and who are striving for it. It is a long, slow business. Yet each of us can help to bring it to pass. Every task which we handle in the spirit I have mentioned brings nearer that golden time. And we can help others by giving them the ideal, if they have not it already. And by making the way easier for true and good work; and harder for bad, unlovely work.

Through the Night Hours

While I looked out to my horizon over the exquisite work in the hedgerows and meadows, another picture came into my mind. It isn't pretty. Yet I want to show it to you. A girl friend was a nurse in a big East London hospital. One night she was attending to the patients in her ward while other nurses slept—"Night duty," it is called. Once she paused by a window. Then she saw what I am to tell you. The hospital window looked over a wide vista of house-tops, the roofs, factories, and the dreary backyards of that part of London. But it was of one room of one special house she told me. There she saw a family at work. It was the middle of the night, yet all were busy—so busy. Father, mother, even the little children were toiling. Nurse watched. She could see they were making boxes—match-boxes, she thought, by the size. And she could see how they worked—so hard; so busily. Even the little folks of six and seven could not be spared to sleep yet, and the older ones daren't yet go to the fancy land of dreams where we forget. Nurse had to do her work, but again and again she watched the window. And not till daylight began to creep over the house-tops did the family stop to rest. While her night duty continued, Nurse watched that window, and the same thing happened every time she watched.

And that is only one picture of many I could show you. Isn't it awful to think that people should have to work so terribly hard, through such long hours, in order to keep a roof over their heads and get bread to eat? And that wee children should have to toil, and not know how to play; and that there should be mothers who can't stop to play with their babies! This is the result of what you older Companions know is called "sweating." Happily our states-

men are trying to get the evil stopped, but it is a very difficult thing to arrange. Will you try what you can, each one, do? So many of the things we use and wear are made in places and conditions like those of my picture. We must change it all, so that the work of all our trades shall be done in pleasant places, and that all the workers shall have chances for developing their souls and minds and bodies, which they cannot do while they labour as now. You can help, and I can help. How and When and Where? do you ask? Well, you bigger people can always try to find out How and Where the things you buy are made. For instance, blouses, shirts, the flowers which trim your hats, the slippers, dresses, sometimes are "ready made"; coats and skirts, boys' and men's clothes, and the hundred and one articles we use every day—a vast proportion of these are made by "out-workers." These are people who do their work at home, not in factories. And you can see how dangerous it is to us, besides the wrong to the toilers who have to toil so strenuously for a livelihood. If there is illness in the workers' homes it must often be spread through the things they make and send away to the warehouses and shops. Trouble yourselves to find out How and Where what you need is made. You girls who have dress allowances, find someone to do your blouses and other things (if you don't make them yourselves) to whom you can pay a fair price and from whom you can have good work. That is one way. You see, every time you secure good work for a fair price you increase the demand for that kind of work, and you lessen the demand for sweated, unlovely employment. We can each try to get others to think about this tremendous social problem. It is people's *thought* that we want so badly, just at present; because once they *think*, they will proceed to *act*. And by and by *you* will be able to help our lawmakers by your votes and influence.

David's First Letter

But now you will be asking: Is there any news of our children in the West? Yes. Here is David's first letter from the Dominion:—

"DEAR MISS ALISON,—Just a few lines hoping you are quite well and happy at present. I am on a farm in Canada, and it is a very nice farm. I was very glad that the boys and girls want to help me to grow up a brave, good man. I shall write to you many times and then you can answer my letters. We have got three horses, one cow, and a calf. Dear Miss Alison, I went sleigh-riding. I feed the cow sometimes, and I feed the calf every day. I send my love to you and your friends. Will you send a note to the Homes that I have sent my love

THE QUIVER

to all the boys and the Headmaster and the men there, and all the ladies. Dear Miss Alison, I was very glad with the box that I had at the Homes, and all the clothes. I shall be a special friend to you and your friends. I am getting on all right. I was so glad to see you on Tuesday afternoon, and I shall have a lovely time in Canada. I shall never forget you. We have got 18 chickens. Now I shall have to close my letter.—From your friend, DAVID MORRISON."

Bravo, David, I am delighted to think that I am remembered along with the cows and chickens and everyday affairs. Don't some of you boys want to write to David? If so, send your letters to me, and I will forward them with my own. He sounds quite happy, do you not think? And are you not proud of being shareholders in this joy-giving work? I have no letter from Violet this month, but "No news is good news." What about our plan for the autumn?

Some More Shareholders

Here are notes from some contributors who sent gifts after our June Corner had gone to press.

With one-and-sixpence, *Kitty Willers* (Cambridge) sends this word. A friend painted some texts for her, and Kitty sold them for the money she sent:—

"I will try and get some of my friends to join our Corner. Cambridge is a dear old town, and the colleges are very ancient buildings, and King's College Chapel is grand." (Yes, Kitty, it is, and the music there, also.) "I went there to hear the 'Dead March' played when King Edward lay dead. Good-bye, dear Alison, I do hope you will get a lovely lot of money for Violet."

Marjorie Heard writes from Southgate:—

"You must think I do not take any interest in our Scheme as I have not written or sent money for such a long time. But, indeed, it is not so. I have not had much time of late. I have at last managed 2s. (or rather Kathie and myself). I know you understand."

Yes, Marjorie, I quite understand. And I am sorry you were disappointed that your names were not in the first shareholders' list. Let me explain. The magazine has to be printed several weeks before you get it, or else what would the poor readers in the far parts of the world do? This means that the lists cannot contain gifts which may be in my hands when you read the lists, but which I did not receive till after the printers had finished our pages. I am sure you understand, Marjorie, and everybody else, also. Marjorie was very interested in David.

Daisy Valentine (Aberdeen) sent her half-crown gift, with the comment:—

"Although I have not written before, you must not think that I am not highly delighted with the splendid news about our new protégé. I do hope we shall be able to go on adding another every year. I am sure we all hope that David will get on as well as Violet in Canada. It does one's heart good to read of how

happy Violet is, and we feel that we must work as hard as ever we can to help others to share her lot. I have just been thinking since I read 'Jorrock's' last month, that I at any rate have really only a very imperfect idea of what a miserable existence many of the poor children in the London slums have."

That is the right spirit with which to meet the knowledge that comes to you, Daisy, and I am sure your life will be richer and sweeter because your sympathy and help go out to others.

And from Canada comes a sweet note from little *Kathleen Collyer* (London, Ontario):—

"I am enclosing my book and draft for £1 rs., and would like you to return it or another one. I have two uncles in the West and also an aunt. We picked the first snowdrops three weeks ago, but since we have had a heavy fall of snow."

Kathleen's book contains many gifts, expressed in cents mostly, including "My Dolly Beauty, 1 cent," and "Dolly Flora Dora, 1 cent." It is a lovely list and gift, Kathleen, and my letter will have told you before now how glad I am of your help. And did the book arrive safely with the letter?

From Airdrie, *Maggie Gillespie* writes that her musical brother promised her half a crown from his first professional fee! What a capital idea, Maggie; was it yours or his? I hope lots of fees may come his way, and perhaps he may enjoy being taxed by you for our Scheme. Please say "Thank you" for me.

Then from New Zealand I have received another delightful letter from *Ivy Slessor* (Christchurch):—

"We received January's QUIVER a few weeks back"—she says—"and were glad to see the ambition for 1911. I will promise 6d. a quarter, and am sorry it cannot be more, but you understand every good wish and daily prayer goes with it, and I wish from the very bottom of my heart that our Corner will grow and be a power for good, as I am sure it will. We are glad to see Violet's photo; she is a dear little girl, and we are glad she is with such nice people. We have sent away last year's QUIVERS to cousins, but I am going to ask them for the first picture of Violet so I will have both. We are glad to see your picture as I can now imagine more who I am writing to."

It is more help than I can tell you, Ivy, to have your beautiful wish; I hope, indeed, that it may be fulfilled.

Girlie Budd writes from Woolston:—

"I have just been reading Violet's letter in the May QUIVER, and think it is very nice indeed. I am glad she is so happy. What a nice little boy David looks in the photograph. I think the Scheme is a splendid one, and I am going to try to do all I can to help. I am going to save 2d. a week from my pocket money, which is 1d., to go towards the Scheme; but I think it is nice to earn the money, don't you?"

Girlie's first sixpence was enclosed. Earning and self-denial are both excellent ways of helping, are they not?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

"DEAR ALISON"—(writes Winsome Marsh, Tunbridge Wells)—"I am sending my card: it is only half full because I have collected more than pennies (3s. was the total), and I thought you might like it now. I am so glad we are able to have two children. I hope my money will be of some use. On the card you see 'Jill, 3d.; Jack, 3d.; Moggie, 3d.' Jill is a dog, Jack is a dog, too, and Moggie is a cat. Auntie gave me the money for Jill, and mother and dada gave it for Jack and Moggie. I hope you are all right.—With love from WINSOME."

What lovely notions you have, Winsome! I hope you explained to Jack and Jill and Moggie! And tell mother and dada and auntie that I think it is very generous of them to pay the animals' subscriptions as well as their own. Five shillings is a splendid sum to collect, and you know, every penny counts.

Another half a crown journeys from Jamaica:—

"The 'surprise' is lovely!"—(says Alice King)—"Why, our Scheme is indeed great now, a boy and a girl already adopted, and another expected in the autumn! I feel quite proud to belong to the Corner, and to be able to help, though, alas! only a very little. You wait and see how I am going to work and get up a group of workers in America, though; and perhaps by then I shall be able to help more myself. How splendid of the Editor to let us have the £27; after that money is finished we must look after the boy ourselves."

Such a cheery, inspiring letter, yours, Alice. Thank you. And "Good speed" to the American plan.

And Nora Goble (Lydd) sends 3s. 8d. on her card. She is going to boarding school, but I hope will still write, and have THE QUIVER sent on to her. Cathie and Doris Amos, she says, will be still writing to us, and "We shall be sending some more money that we all have got by the bran-tub. We are going to try to sell some old books that mother gave us." Capital, all these clever thoughts of yours, Nora and Cathie and Doris. Thank you, once more.

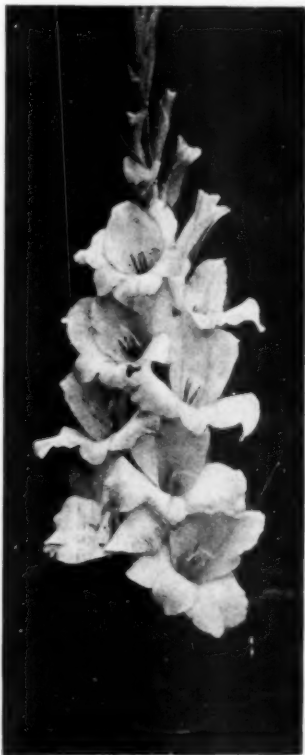
Now we must greet some new Companions. They are: Maggie J. G. Lyall (aged 12; Macduff), a friend of Cathie West; Josephine Winsor (aged 17; Sidcup), whom we welcome for her own sake, as well as

Frances; Winnie Wood (aged 13; Hornsey), who, since our Corner has been started, has been "very interested in its doings, especially the Grand Scheme"—Winnie writes an excellent letter, and is evidently going to be one of my first-rate correspondents; Dorothy Wood (aged 14; Barnard Castle), one of Dora Dewhirst's cousins. Norah B. Townend (aged 7½; Acton) sends a pretty little note about her "dear baby brother who was only born on March 17th," and whose name is David Frederick. What a busy time you have ahead, Norah, with a brother to look after; I know what it means! I am glad father has given you a garden. Please tell me all about it. Maude B. Girdlestone Gill (aged 18; Hove) says: "I have been taking THE QUIVER since January, and have always been interested in the Corner. I do hope I am not now too old to join. I am very fond of reading, and have a good many books. I think my favourite occupation is writing. I love writing stories and poetry." Let me

see some, Maude. I am glad you joined; no one is too old in years if they are young enough in spirit to enjoy our comradeship. Now it happens that the next friend to be welcomed is an even more grown-up person than yourself, Maude.

"Can you find room in your somewhat large Corner for a 'Prairie Preacher'?" writes the Rev. E. V. C. Lewis (St. Boswells, Canada):—

"First, let me say that I am proud to think of what the Companions are doing, and intend to do. Your Scheme is simply splendid. What a change for young Violet! I have seen some of the miseries of the East End (London, England), and, of course, know the freedom, liberty, and loveliness of this country. Ten years ago my sister and I were members of the Y.H.I., and to her I am indebted for THE QUIVER month by month. My home is in the famous Niagara district, Ontario, situated midway between Lakes Ontario and Erie. From a hill—Fonthill—near my home, one can see both lakes. It surely ought to be included in the seven wonders of the world, for a more glorious sight one could hardly wish to see—that is, in summer. To the north, the blue expanse of Lake Ontario; to the south, that of



A SWEET SUMMER FLOWER—
GLADIOLUS.

THE QUIVER

Erie; to the east, Queenstown Heights; and to the west, peach orchards and vineyards. But lovely as is the East, the West has a charm all its own. Its boundless prairies, its miles of grain, its mighty mountains and rivers, its clear atmosphere and azure skies, have such an attraction that few can withstand. Although working in Saskatchewan, my 'headquarters' are in Alberta. We, a party of young men, chiefly English, are 'loaned' to this Province, the Conference of Saskatchewan being so large and labourers so few. To tell you all the charms of these two Provinces would require more than one letter. For two years I resided in the shadow of the lordly Rockies in Alberta; I have spent one, riding these plains of Southern Saskatchewan, eighty miles south-east of Moose Jaw, and seventy north of the 'boundary' (U.S.A.). Now, dear Alison, let me wish you and 'all Companions' every success in all your schemes, for this is the sincere wish of one who is helped by the dear old QUIVER."

I have many other letters, but they must be held over this time; thank you for writing—Margaret Farbridge, Dorothy Powell, Winifred Bainbridge, Ralph Hill, James Mallis, Frances Boston, Edith Penn, Evelyn Betts, Ida Wood, Ida Jones, Evangeline Steel, Dora Dewhurst, Enid Jones, Cathie West, Gladys Richards—from the Homeland. And from afar—Hilda Owey (Grenada), Frieda Martin (Barbados), Hettie Joubert (Cape Colony), and Muriel Dodd (Melbourne), and everyone else who has sent me cards or letters.

The Drawing Competition

"What about the Drawing Competition?"—did someone whisper? Well, to be frank, I was rather disappointed. Not very many of you entered, though some fairly good work was done. An artist friend has helped me in the decision, and we think Josephine Winsor's picture of a scene in "Robinson Crusoe" is the best entry. She has taken the incident of the finding of Friday's footprint, and has put into it some good work in pen and ink. I thought the most helpful thing I could do was to send on our criticisms by post, and Josephine

should take courage and go on. She wins the first prize. I am giving a second prize to Enid Jones (aged 19; Cardiff) for some very careful work in her drawing of "Sanctuary." And I should like to commend Girle Budd's contribution, which, though it does not win a prize, shows thought and some originality. This also received criticism privately. The Juniors were not up to the mark this time, at all. The best drawing was sent by Rachel Horwood, of Perth, but that was ineligible, as Rachel was not a Companion. We hope she will join and enter other Competitions. I have sent the prize to James Henderson (aged 13; Stirling) for his sketch of a collie dog. I hope everyone will try the next Competition of this kind, and that the work will reach a higher standard.

Has everyone begun to think about the Scrap Book Competition? I hope so. Let me have ever such a large number, please, and some first-rate work.

New Competition

We will have a Competition this month that will require very careful thought, but will not take long to carry out, as you will need time for the scrap-book making. I should like every Companion to send a letter telling me the story of

"The Most Beautiful Action I have ever Seen or Heard of"

Letters should be at our office by July 31st, and must not contain more than 300 words. And do not forget our rules, will you?

A lovely holiday for everyone is the wish of
Your Friend,

Alison.

NOTES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of "The Quiver" Companionship all readers young enough to enjoy the "Corner" chats. There is no age limit for membership. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- (a) One side of the paper only is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join and sends the coupons to "Alison." They need not necessarily all be returned at once.



"How enormously stout she is getting! Why does she not take Antipon, I wonder? She would if she knew what that wonderful remedy did for me."

"Yes, and for me, too. Something over 30 lbs. reduction, and never better in my life."

PLAIN ADVICE TO THE STOUT.

"HOW can I get thin again?" is a question asked by many who have starved and drugged and sweated themselves into a distressing state of physical weakness without avail. We can answer this question out of hand. Get a bottle of Antipon from the nearest chemist, take a few doses with strict observance of the few simple directions given, and you will be delighted to find that you have at last got hold of "the right thing." There is no question of absurd dietary exactions—you may enjoy your favourite dishes without dread of getting fatter, and without retarding the rapid reduction of weight which Antipon always effects. There are no mineral or other injurious drugs to take, nor are any enforced gymnastics required. The Antipon treatment is as simple as the alphabet, and as harmless as it is pleasant. Within a day and night of taking the first dose it causes a decrease in weight varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb., according to the degree of over-fatness, and the final result is the permanent cure of the disease of obesity; that is, the abnormal tendency to store up too much

fatty matter in the blood and tissues. Antipon is not less efficacious as a tonic, and is especially valuable for its effect on the alimentary system. It stimulates appetite and restores digestive power in quite a marvellous way, and the ample nourishment permitted and enjoyed does all the good in the world. How different this splendid "reconstructive" treatment is from the pernicious drugging and starving regimes very soon made manifest. Our plain and earnest advice to our stout readers is to try Antipon without another moment's delay. Antipon contains none but harmless vegetable substances in the form of a refreshingly tart, wine-like liquid.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.

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St. Ivel (lactic) Cheese possesses three times as much nutriment as the best beef. It contains the highest proportions of those constituents which build up nerve and muscle, and is rich in phosphorus, which is the most valuable of all brain nutrients.

But more important still is the fact that—
St. Ivel (lactic) Cheese contains lactic acid cultures which eliminate the poisons that other foods create and keep the system in splendid condition.

6½d. each, from Grocers and Dairymen everywhere.



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in existence"*

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JULY 2nd. ISAIAH'S PROPHECY CONCERNING SENNACHERIB

Isaiah xxxvii, 14-38

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Hezekiah's prayer. (2) God's answer through Isaiah. (3) The fulfilment of the prediction.

Reaching God's Ear

IN the hour of his fear and peril Hezekiah laid his case before the Lord, knowing that the intervention of the King of kings would be the deciding factor in the matter.

Through the channel of prayer God is ever within call: His ear is ever open to the cry of His children. It is said that the Shah of Persia, hearing that serious complaints from his people never reached him because of the court officers through whom the messages must pass, placed a telephone in the market place of his capital, with the other end in the private apartments of his palace, and told his people to use it freely. It is the privilege of all Christians to be in direct communication with the King, who is always waiting to help and to bless.

God's ready response to Hezekiah's prayer is repeated every day in the experience of His servants. A minister, who used to meet in the Astor Library, New York, Mr. Morse, the celebrated inventor of the electric telegraph, put to him one day this question: "When making your experiments, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?" "Oh, yes, more than once," he replied. "And at such times what did you do next?" "I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the famous inventor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see clearly, I prayed for more light."

JULY 9th. THE SUFFERING SERVANT OF JEHOVAH

Isaiah lii 13-liii, 12

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The rejected Saviour. (2) The meek and patient Sin-bearer.

The Vicarious Saviour

The late Dr. Badeker and a young lawyer were talking together on one occasion when the latter objected to the vicariousness of Christ's death. Dr. Badeker said: "Why, you believe in vicariousness! You could

not do any business, if you did not. A client of yours gets another to sign a note for him. What is that endorsement but vicariousness? If the man meets the note, well and good; but if he does not, the one who endorsed the note undertook to meet his liability, and has to act in his stead by paying what is due."

The pith and power of the Gospel lie in the vicariousness of Christ's death. The believer in Christ can not only say "Christ died on my behalf," but "He died in my stead."

The Great Atonement

"The desire to explain the Atonement may go too far," writes Sir William Robertson Nicoll. "All help is welcome, but the fact itself is much more easily understood than many explanations of it. Its 'Oneness' is the main thing. No analogy goes more than a little way. The Cross far transcends reason and experience. It is indeed inscrutable in its very nature, and must be trusted implicitly if at all. The human mind offers a dull and wearied resistance to explanations which, as it easily perceives, do not touch the central mystery. In the Epistles we have the fact set forth in a variety of phrases which have been found sufficient for the soul's needs. Such explanation as these furnish must be used to the full. For, running to another extreme, evangelical preaching sometimes misses the mark by continual, exhausting demands for faith. The cry, 'Believe, believe,' mocks and irritates when it is not accompanied by a setting forth of the ground on which faith may rest—how God is just and the justifier of them who believe in Jesus."

JULY 16th. MANASSEH'S WICKEDNESS AND REPENTANCE

2 Chron. xxxiii, 1-20

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The evil record of Manasseh. (2) God's unheeded warning. (3) The punishment and the repentance.

No matter how far one may have wandered into sin, there is always a welcome for the penitent prodigal. When the Emperor Constantine, his hands red with the blood of his own kin, was visited with remorse, his first thoughts turned back to the old religion which he had deserted. He applied

THE QUIVER

to the Flamens at Rome for purification. They proudly declared that for crimes such as his their religious ritual knew of no expiation. Then, it is said, he tried the Platonist philosophers, only to receive the same answer. It was only after his second rebuff that he turned to the Christian religion, and was told by "an Egyptian magician" that in the Christian Church there were mysteries which provided purification from any sin, however great.

The Way of Escape

In that wonderful book, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan tells about a man who left the City of Destruction with his fingers in his ears and with the cry of "Life, life, eternal life" on his lips; and though he got into the Slough of Despond, he got out, thank God, on the far side. And while he was wandering about with his burden on his back, he met a man called Evangelist, who asked him what was the matter. He told him about his burden, and that he had read in the Book about the Day of Judgment that was coming. Evangelist said, "I can help you. Do you see that wicket gate?" "Yes." "Then," said Evangelist, "go through that wicket gate, up a little narrow path that you will find, and you will come to three crosses: fix your eyes upon the Figure on the central cross." Off the man trudged with his burden on his back, got through the wicket gate, made his way up the path, and fixed his eyes on that wonderful Figure, and as he looked he felt the burden begin to loosen from his shoulders. He turned half around, felt it drop from his back, and saw it roll away down into a great chasm out of sight. Then he gave three leaps for joy. The burden was gone.

That is how we get the life still—by looking at Jesus Christ. That is God's plan, and that is His way.

JULY 23rd. JOSIAH'S DEVOTION TO GOD

2 Chron. xxxiv. 1-13

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The young king's loyalty to God. (2) His removal of the obstacles to the worship of Jehovah—the broken altars and images.

ONCE while talking with one of his disciples, Socrates said, "One day a Personage will come who will reveal what God is." "Let Him come, let Him come," said the disciple, "let Him command me as He will. I will do everything, provided He makes me better." Josiah was willing to follow

in the pathway of obedience, and to give expression to his devotion and his loyalty in practical deeds.

Obedience, the Fruit of Love

Josiah knew that love to God expressed itself in obedience to His commands and desires. And that is still the proof of love. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Dr. Bonsey, of Hankow, says that he was once visiting a leper asylum when he saw a terrible object propped against the wall. He had lost all semblance of humanity, eyes and face eaten away, his head a mere round ball. He could neither move nor speak, but could hear a little. Then the doctor in charge pointed out, standing near him, a handsome young Chinaman, with no visible sign of leprosy upon him, who had been recently placed there by his parents on discovering that he was a leper. "Do you see that young man?" he asked. "When he came to us, he was intensely proud. Twenty-seven of our twenty-eight inmates were Christians, but he was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and would not associate with them. After a little, however, as he heard the Gospel, he became interested and was converted. His first thought was 'What can I do for Jesus?' And of his own accord he constituted himself the nurse of this melancholy object, sleeping by his side, feeding him before touching his own food, and lifting him hither and thither."

Truly an example of Christlike love.

JULY 30th. THE FINDING OF THE BOOK OF THE LAW

2 Chron. xxxiv. 14-33

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Book of the Law and its effect on the king. (2) The prophecy of Huldah. (3) Josiah's covenant.

The Indestructibility of the Bible

"For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven." "The word of the Lord abideth for ever." An illustration of this truth is provided in the lesson before us. Other books pass away and are forgotten, but the Bible, God's revealed truth, lives on. "The Bible," said Dr. Parker, "is the flaming Book which men fear will be destroyed; but sooner will you pluck the stars out of heaven, than one star out of this divine Book. All theories respecting the history and structure of the Bible may be mooted and disputed; but there it is, a Book whose funds rise higher, smell sweeter, taste more flavour-some, which inspires more than any or all others that have been produced down through the centuries."

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THE END OF THE STORY

LIFE is a divine story in its setting and meaning. God is telling you a story and you fail to understand it. There are so many events in a single human life that you linger upon one or two of them, and fail to grasp the unity and meaning of the whole life. When Christ would teach His disciples a new and wonderful lesson He calls them aside from the multitude, and when He would make known to you a new experience, and beget a fresh beauty in your soul, He lays you upon a bed of sickness, that you may quietly listen to His voice. Deprivation is often a stepping-stone to greatness and spiritual joy. The beginning of a story does not give a clue to the close, and the beginning of life does not explain the end. The tragic introduction throws no light upon the peaceful conclusion. The boy is not always the father of the man. Out of the same home comes a despot and a patriot. The ways of Providence are mysterious, and there is no dictionary to interpret the contents of the infinite language. God constrains you to go forward, though He knows that troubles lie ahead. He allows you to engage in an undertaking, and yet you will never accomplish it. He permits you to start on a journey, knowing well that you will lose your way.

Fear not to go forward; it is good for you to sink in the snowdrift if Christ is with you. It is better for you to carry a heavy burden with Christ than to live at leisure and in comfort without Him. There is no introduction to the sermon which God preaches. With a prophetic abruptness He comes into your life, and speaks when you think that He is absent at the extreme boundaries of His empire. The divine method of teaching is always progressive. You should no more require to see a conviction through to its end than the whole of a highway before setting out upon it. God pointed out a country to the wise men when they were afar off. When they were able

to inquire their way, He allowed them to do it. When interrogation failed His star appeared. When they came at the end of the journey He showed them the very house where they should find Christ. That is an epitome of the story of human life.

When you come to the end of the story, you will see that the end explains the middle and the beginning. The past event is understood by the light of the present. Christ says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." How petty do the troubles of earth seem when you look up into the uncharted seas where swim the stately planets, and muse upon the life that stirs among those boundless spaces, and listen to the lyrics sung by the archangels. How often you make the mistake of interrupting Providence in the middle. Wait until God has finished His work, and then you shall see that He doeth all things well. Do not interrupt Him in the telling of the story. When "Finis" has been written upon the last page the volume will be understood, and not till then. The vision of Christ reveals the mysteries of Providence. When Christ comes into your life, and you have seen Him with anointed eyes, the dark room will be filled with the light of the glory of God.

Fear not the love and wisdom of God. The hour of failure is the dawn of success. After you have long sought to solve the riddle of life, and have failed, the angels will whisper soft and low in your ears the sweet answer, and then you will wonder why you guessed so blindly when you recall the hard things made plain. Wait in your path and at your task to the end. Stand alone, if need be, without helmet and unknown, holding the field for God, and fight on for the right, and then die. But fear not death, and seek not fame, for these are nothing in the struggle. Trust in God and do the right, and heaven will make all things plain.

J. M.

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"There's a Reason"

IN THE MORNING

By EDGAR L. VINCENT

HAVE you ever watched all night long? It may have been at the bedside of some loved one whose life was hanging in the balance. How still it was! The doctor had been there and left his directions for the night. The other members of the household had gone to try to get needed rest. You were all alone. The clock ticked with a sound that seemed tenfold louder than it was wont to do. All the sounds of earth were still. The last bird had sung its song and gone to its nest. Even the wind was still. Your own heart was in a hush.

How many times did you look at the clock that night? More than once did it seem as if the minutes fairly dragged themselves away. Once you went out and looked away across the fields to see if there were any signs of the new day. Only the moaning of the sick one came to break the solemn silence.

Then through the grey light came the soft whistle of a bird. How that made your heart leap! Morning was surely on the way! Far across the country the barking of a dog came to add its testimony to the fact that in a little while the sky would glow once more with light. You went to the door and watched for the first tint of red in the sky, and a prayer went up from your heart when at last the new day was on its way to brighten the earth.

"In the morning joy cometh." What a depth of meaning came to you with the words! Through the long watches of the night weeping may endure, but joy cometh in the morning.

Now it is with your own heart you are watching. A mighty sorrow has come to you. Sleep is banished. Not wishing to bring trouble to those you love, you have slipped away to be all alone. On your knees there in the darkness you have been struggling through the hours of the falling shadows, on until night pulled its curtain far down and the gloom became intense, still on through the small hours, wrestling, all by yourself, with your sorrow.

Have you not wondered if the morning of that night would ever pass and you be cheered with the light of the new day, when hope might gild the sky? Oh, the wretchedness of the nights when we watch alone with our own heart sorrows! But listen! David had known just such nights. It must be that he had, or he would not have known so well

how to tell us about them. His was no heart unacquainted with trouble. So many times he must have slipped away to be just with Jehovah. Now what does he say?

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

Sometimes it seems to us there will never be an end of our sufferings. One sorrow after another comes in quick succession. We bow our heads down to escape one grief, when lo! another strikes us a relentless blow! The whole world is against us, so it seems to us, and we cry out in a perfect agony, "God pity me and spare me any more!" Just so did the Shepherd Psalmist lift up his voice. "Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me!"

Swiftly must the answer have come to David, for almost in the next breath we hear him shout in a glad note of victory:

"O Lord my God, I will give thanks to Thee for ever!"

When do the sweetest thoughts come to us? When, if not when the candle of the day burns low in its socket?

God knows that you and I never will sing our very sweetest song if there come not into our lives some moments of shadow. We are so busy through the day! We have so much to do! So many other things to think of! On and on we rush, doing all the things that seem so necessary to us, but which He knows are not at all worth doing! Then suddenly the sky shuts down. With tender hand God turns the lights out, and if we have our ears attuned to hear we may hear Him whisper:

"You need to be still and think of Me for a little while! Let me be the One most in your heart just now! I love you more than you think. If I could have you near me without bringing the darkness, how gladly would I do it! But you will not let Me! So come into your room here! There will be something of pain for a little while. By your own impatience and restlessness you have brought that to you. But be still! The tears will all pass away. In the sweet sunshine of a new and better day there will be joy!"

Shall we not, then, be glad of the night? Why let the tears seam our cheeks as we watch through the mists and the gloom? There will soon be the morning, and with it the joy which passeth all understanding.

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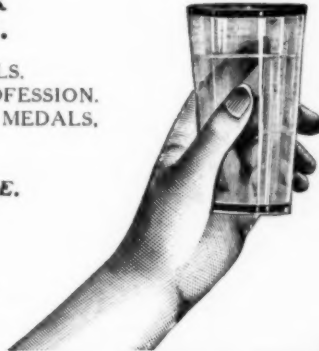
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